The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1889.

The Week.

LAST year we heard announced the theory of the Republican party as to the way the public service should be administered; this year we see exemplified the practice of the party. It is interesting to contrast promise and performance:

The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments; and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that *the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage* may be wisely and effectually avoided.—*Republican National Platform of 1888.*

In appointments to every grade and department, fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. *Only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office.—President Harrison's Letter of Acceptance.*

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE, WASHINGTON,
April 13, 1889.

Mr. J. T. Loving, Richmond, Va.:

SIR: Superintendent Vickery has referred to this office your letter of the 11th inst., asking the reasons for your retirement from the service, and in reply would state that *the action was taken in consequence of no fault on your part, or for reasons affecting in any way your character or standing as a citizen.*

The reasons for your retirement were of a political nature.

Very respectfully,
J. L. BELL,
General Superintendent.

The *Watchman*, the Boston organ of the Baptists, asks for a suspension of judgment towards President Harrison, on the ground that he has been only two months in office, that the pressure of office-seekers has been very great, and that his "honesty" and "his equipment generally to meet the demands of his high office" are undoubted. It therefore calls on us to yield him the "awards enjoined in the New Testament," even if he does "err, now and then, in judgment and in resulting action." A plea for delay is always allowable, but it should, to be really effective, be accompanied with some distinct definition of the period of probation to which a man like President Harrison is entitled. How long must we wait before criticising him or making up our minds about him? Three months? Six? A year? We ought to be told. Moreover, criticism of this sort has the fatal defect of overlooking the fact that public office is a public trust, and in all trusts the obligation of good behavior is as strong the first day as the last. The *Watchman's* notion, apparently, is that the Presidency is an educational establishment in which dull men may learn their duties at their leisure. It is nothing of the sort. It is an immense charge of other people's affairs, about which no man has a right on any plea to lie or cheat *even once*. The first time Gen. Harrison broke his pledge by *knowingly* making a bad or unfit appointment, or a corrupt or causeless removal, he committed the unpardonable sin of politics. Mistakes are always excusable, but a wrong act done knowingly is not a mistake; it is a crime. All this ought to be "familiar learning," as the lawyers say, in the offices of religious newspapers and in pastors' studies.

Two passages in the inaugural address of President Wm. Henry Harrison have been strangely overlooked by his grandson and successor, President Benjamin Harrison. One of these is his warning against all attempts to subsidize the press through the use of Executive patronage. These golden words are found on page 234 of the *Congressional Globe*, vol. 7 (March 4, 1841), viz.:

"There is no part of the means placed *in the hands of the Executive* which might be used with greater effect, for *unhallowed purposes*, than the control of the public press. The maxim which our ancestors derived from the mother country, that 'the freedom of the press is the great bulwark of civil and religious liberty,' is one of the most precious legacies which they have left us. *We have learned, too, from our own as well as the experience of other countries, that golden shackles, by whomsoever or by whatever pretence imposed, are as fatal to it as the iron bonds of despotism.*"

We commend this sentiment not only to President Benjamin Harrison, but to the editors of the several papers who have received appointments at his hands, viz., the New York *Tribune*, the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, the Iowa *State Register*, the Indianapolis *Journal*, the Utica *Herald*, the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, the *North American Review;* also the numerous weekly papers in the country districts whose editors have become postmasters. We recommend that they all give one insertion of this paragraph in their newspapers, not as a Reading Notice, but as selected matter having a fresh interest after the lapse of nearly half-a-century.

The other paragraph from the same inaugural address is found on the succeeding page, viz.:

"It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that 'in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party, and Antony a party, but the Commonwealth had none.' Yet the Senate continued to meet in the Temple of Liberty and talk of the beauty and sacredness of the Commonwealth and gaze at the statues of the elder Brutus and of the Curtii and the Decii. And the people assembled in the forum, not, as in the days of Camillus and the Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual magistrates or pass upon the acts of the Senate, *but to receive from the hands of the leaders their share of the spoils.*"

Is not this an apt picture of what is now going on at our Temple of Liberty, where post-offices are handed over the counter at the rate of two hundred per day, to say nothing of the clerkships in railway-mail cars, for which the civil-service rules were suspended from March 15 to May 1? O shade of William Henry Harrison, how art thou vindicated as a prophet in the person of thy grandson!

It is true, as the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says, that the people who believe in civil-service reform have not "made Rome howl" over the shameful removal of Postmaster Pearson in order to make room for one of the Republican "Boys"; but we feel more and more persuaded that the indignation over this outrageous treatment of an old and faithful public servant by an Administration pledged to reform, is more general and deep than may appear on the surface. A gentleman who has long had practical knowledge of public affairs writes regarding it: "Had Mr. Pearson been in the army or the navy, and had he fallen wounded and bleeding upon the field in defence of his country, and, *because* he was wounded, had he been put to death by the orders of his own Government, the infamy of ingratitude could not have been more horribly expressed and illustrated than it has been by the Harrison-Wanamaker execution of the decree of the spoilsmen."

It is, by the way, most extraordinary that the public mind should ever have come to accept the curious distinction which exists between the attitude held as decent and essential in the case of an officer in the military or naval service and in the case of one in the civil service. Everybody takes it for granted that a man who enters the army or navy ought to be promoted and honored for efficient discharge of his duties, and any display of favoritism is resented as an outrage. But a man who enters the civil service, and devotes to it all his energies for many years, is not held to have any claim even to decent treatment in the matter of removal. The official guillotine does its cruel work in full sight of the public, and only a small class of thoughtful people seem to see anything repulsive in the spectacle. How did it ever come about that a nation which prides itself upon its common-sense view of looking at things got into this most preposterous attitude?

The *Sun*, which has apparently some sort of relations with the Tammany Democrats, protests against the Albany "deal" between Tammany and the Republicans on the—for the *Sun*—curiously good ground, that when Tammany has got the power, it ought to take also the undivided responsibility of the city government; and it points out that a deal of this sort led to the overthrow of the party under somewhat similar circumstances in 1868. This may be all true, but it is also true that Tammany will probably always find "a deal" with Republicans necessary as long as there are Republicans to deal with; and the reason is simple enough. An organization like Tammany, which lives by and for the distribution of offices as "spoils," is, and always must be, rent by internal dissensions, and must constantly throw off bodies of malcontents, called "Halls," or "County Democrats," or the like, owing to the impossibility of giving all the "workers" what they consider their due. This incessant and inevitable scission makes an occasional bargain of some sort with the Republicans for a division of the spoils absolutely necessary to the retention of power. Tammany would be ir-

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resistible if it controlled the whole Democratic party, but it never does, and it is this fact which has called into existence the Republican Machine, and which makes the trade of a Republican "Boy" so profitable. So that Tammany might well reply to the philosophical remonstrances of the *Sun*, in the language of the editor of an indecent newspaper to somebody who offered to show him a more excellent way, "You are doing a noble work, but I have a family to support."

There is a very serious and even melancholy side to the affair, however, which is this: The Republican party in this city, it may be said without offence to anybody, contains a very large proportion of the intelligence and property of the community. It contains probably three-fourths of the voters who have a serious, permanent, and enlightened interest in the management of city affairs. To them these inevitable divisions of the Democrats give the balance of power at almost every election — that is, the power of forcing good candidates on one or other of the Democratic factions. This power, which might twenty-five years ago have begun to transform the city government in every department, and made New York, as a municipality, the glory instead of the shame of the continent, is, however, regularly, at every election, committed to a parcel of political adventurers, all unscrupulous and most of them needy, to trade with for their own gain and emolument, under the pretence or disguise of helping the party in the national arena. This, and not the wickedness or folly of Tammany, is to-day the most discouraging feature in New York city politics. Last year we had the same old game played over again, with the result that we see or are going to see. All the good Republicans, the business men, the clergymen, the editors, and the philanthropists, see the evil, and know well how it has worked in the past, but somehow cannot get past the open door. About election time they always have a feeling of "goneness" in their political stomachs, and think they must sneak in and take one drink more.

Unhappily, there is little ground for hope that Mayor Grant will be influenced much by the strong appeals which have been made to him to reappoint the present President of the Health Board, Mr. James C. Bayles. The men who have taken the trouble to make the appeals are the most competent authorities in the city to sit in judgment upon the value of Mr. Bayles's services. They are Dr. E. G. Janeway, Chairman, and Dr. R. H. Derby, Secretary, of the Committee appointed by the Academy of Medicine as an Advisory Board to consult with the Board of Health on questions touching the public health, and to keep watch generally over its doings. This Board was appointed soon after the appointment of Mr. Bayles, and at his request. It has had unusual facilities for observing the conduct of the Department, has improved these facilities to the utmost, and is decided in its opinion that President Bayles should be continued in his place, having received his appointment when bad management had reduced the usefulness of the Department, and having done so much to reorganize it. Mr. James Gallatin, who, as a member of the Tenement-House Commission appointed by Mayor Cooper, as Chairman of the Committee which secured the passage of the Plumbing Act of 1881, and in other capacities, has done a great deal towards the betterment of the sanitary condition of the city, is also anxious that no change shall be made in the head of the Board of Health. Mr. Gallatin has kept the closest watch over the Board under President Bayles's direction, and feels that it has done most thorough and systematic work, and that it would be unwise to make a change.

Now, under any rational system of responsible government, an official thus worthy and experienced would be continued in office without question. Mr. Bayles is undoubtedly one of the best officials that the city has had for years. When he was appointed by Mayor Hewitt, the selection was heartily praised in all quarters, for Mr. Bayles was then universally recognized as one of our highest expert authorities upon the subjects concerning which the Health Board has most to do. His career in office has demonstrated the immense value to the city of a thoroughly competent man in so important an office as the Health Board Presidency is. That is first of all a position requiring scientific knowledge, and nothing is more out of place in it than a mere politician such as Gen. Shaler, the predecessor of Mr. Bayles, was. It will be a great misfortune if Mayor Grant restores the old order of things, or if he makes any change whatever, for Mr. Bayles's experience in the office, added to his fitness, makes him by all odds the most desirable occupant of the place.

The City Reform Club has obtained at least a partial victory in one of its efforts to bring a liquor-dealing politician to justice. It has secured an order for the forfeiting of the $1,000 bail which was given in behalf of Strobel, a liquor-dealer who is one of John J. O'Brien's workers in the Eighth District, and whom the Club had indicted for perjury in swearing that his saloon was not open on election-day. In its recently published annual report, the Club gave a history of Strobel's case, in which it appeared that repeated efforts had been made to bring it to trial, but in each instance a postponement had been secured on the ground of the defendant's illness. The Club was informed that when the case was first reached early in January, the defendant was in Canada. After several adjournments, the case was set down peremptorily for the 27th February, the understanding being that if the defendant did not appear on that day, he should forfeit his bail. He did not appear, because, on the afternoon of the 26th of February, the Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case was relieved from duty in the court where the case was pending, and when the Club's representative inquired of him as to the disposition that had been made of the case, he was obliged to refer the inquirer to the District Attorney for further information. The District Attorney's explanation was that the case "was postponed, on motion of counsel for the defence, in order to secure the attendance of the defendant, it having been shown satisfactorily that Strobel was not in this city, but would return within a short period. On the return of the defendant, the case will again be called for trial." It was called again for trial last week, when the old motion for postponement was repeated, but Judge Gildersleeve refused to grant it, and ordered that the bail be forfeited. The perseverance of the Club was thus rewarded at last. The man who put up the bail was O'Brien's member of the Board of Aldermen, Goetz, who is also a liquor-dealer.

There is one profession which ought to have had a more prominent share in the present celebration than has been accorded to it, for none has made such advances since Washington's death, which it had a large share in hastening; we mean the medical profession. It is not now generally remembered, but it is literally true, that Washington was bled to death by his doctors. The first who was sent for found him, an old man of nearly seventy, suffering from cold and bronchitis, and, therefore, presumably weakened, or much "pulled down," as we now say. The doctor at once went to work and weakened him still further by taking from him eleven or twelve ounces of blood. Finding that the patient did not improve under this treatment, two others were called in, in consultation, and they at once proceeded to take from him between thirty and forty ounces more. As the loss of blood is the most exhausting process to which a man's frame can be exposed, the illustrious patient, naturally, sank under it rapidly, and in twenty-four hours from the beginning of his attack he was dead. He might have borne the loss with impunity had he been younger and in good health; but, being old and enfeebled by an acute disease, he went down under it.

The doctors were not to blame for this. They only did what their professional forerunners had been doing under similar circumstances for ages, and what Washington himself would probably have desired had he been caught without medical advice. But—we speak under correction in this—it is probably at least fifty years since any distinguished man has run any similar risk in the United States. In other words, within the past half century American, English, and French doctors have abandoned what for thousands of years they had treated as the sheet-anchor of their treatment, a remedy which they applied in nine out of ten cases that fell into their hands. A more striking illustration of the uncertainty of the medical art its revilers are not able to produce. It is true the doctors try to weaken the force of

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the illustration by pleading that the characteristics of diseases have changed, that they are no longer of the inflammatory type as they used to be, or so much the result of plethora; but this does not make much impression. The practice is still kept up in those countries in which medical education has made least advances—Spain, for instance, and Italy. Within our own time, another great man of the Washington type, Count Cavour, has been slain by medical bleeding precisely as Washington was. The worse Cavour grew, the more his doctors bled him, and he finally succumbed under the treatment, in the flower of his age and in the midst of his usefulness.

Mr. David A. Gourick, a Washington attorney, has begun the publication of a monthly digest of the various decisions and opinions given in the offices and departments of the Government. This is a new and rich field, and it is to be hoped that it will be well worked. The number of persons in the executive branch of the Government who make decisions nowadays is astonishingly large. So great is the Federal business, and so immense is the corps of Government officials at this time, that we must not only have solicitors detailed to each department by the Attorney-General, but several law officers in almost every bureau. The newspapers tell of decisions of the comptrollers, the opinions of the Solicitor of Claims in the Department of State, the rulings of the Commissioners of Patents, of Pensions, of Customs, of Internal Revenue, of the Land Office, and many others, but there has been no one journal to give them all. These decisions and adjudications frequently affect large classes of persons, and are often of far-reaching importance, but the public is generally entirely ignorant of their promulgation. It is very much to be desired that some journal should not only record them, but fearlessly comment upon them as they appear. Nothing is more needed than a little light cast upon the workings of our departments, and strong, healthful criticism of their methods. A chief of a bureau or of a division who should have the temerity to disclose the defects of the methods in vogue, the absurdities of the rules of practice which have been adopted, and the circumlocutions—that heritage of the spoils era—by which public business is so unnecessarily impeded, would be more than a nine days' wonder among his fellows. During the days of President Grant, the departments were affected by militarism. The idea took root and spread in all directions that criticism meant mutiny. Strict discipline required not only obedience to superiors, but reverence for the red tape in which they wound themselves. So it has come to pass that arbitrary orders are issued, unjust decisions are rendered, imbecile opinions are given, and absurd practices recommended, and there is no one to report the matter truly.

The *Iowa State Register* says that there are fewer convicts in the Iowa penitentiaries today than there were three years ago, notwithstanding the increase in the population of the State. So large has been the decrease at Fort Madison, where the contract work is carried on, that more than two thirds of the State has to contribute to that prison in order to get enough men to do the work. Warden Crossley says that there has been a decrease of 25 per cent. in the number of prison inmates during the last three years. As there has been no appreciable difference in the vigilance of officers or the ratio of convictions to indictments, the manifest inference is that there are not so many crimes being committed in the State of Iowa as there were three years ago, and the *Register* attributes the change to the closing of the saloons through the prohibitory law. At the same time there are cities like Keokuk where, as a square test, a majority votes against enforcing the prohibition law. Evidently, then, a State law does not close the saloons everywhere. The moral of Iowa's experience, with no open saloons in four-fifths of the counties and open violation of the law in the other fifth, would seem to be that the true method of solving the liquor problem is through a local-option and high-license system, as Massachusetts decided last week.

The condition of the iron industry in this country and in England respectively has engaged the attention of *Iron*, one of the organs of the trade, published in Philadelphia. It appears that the condition of the trade abroad is highly satisfactory and that it extends to nearly all branches, from pig-iron up to steamships. The demand for pig has advanced the price in Glasgow 1s. 6d., and in the Cleveland district 2s. per ton. "Great activity prevails in the steel trade," says *Iron*; "in steel rails business is exceptionally active and brisk, and not only are makers fully employed, but they are in receipt of inquiries which will maintain the position throughout the year." The same is true in substance of blooms, ship-plates, and boiler-plates. Shipbuilding on the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Wear is brisk. Moreover, says *Iron*, "in the heavier forms of iron and steel prices are in many instances higher than at any time in 1888, *and above the prices that are in force in this country.*" Reviewing the home market, *Iron* says: "The improvement in the foreign iron trade has not in any way as yet affected the market here." Well, how should it? We have shut ourselves up by a high tariff. We have put a duty on iron ore to prevent ourselves from getting necessary raw materials at low rates. We have tariffed ourselves wherever possible, so that we have no foreign markets except for articles like locomotives and sewing-machines and some kinds of hardware in which we have a superiority of the inventive faculty. Consequently, when a new demand springs up in the world at large, we cannot share in the supplying of it. We are restricted to our own little market of sixty millions of people, while England has all the rest of the world for buyers of her goods.

Mr. Bates has hastened to justify our criticism of his appointment as a member of the Samoan Conference. The cable reports that on Saturday he explained to Prince Bismarck "that his article on Samoa in *The Century* magazine was written long before he was nominated a delegate to the Conference, and that after his nomination he tried to withdraw the article, but in vain, as thousands of copies had been printed." But what has this to do with Mr. Bates's acceptance of the position for which he found that he had thus unfitted himself? If he could not "withdraw the article," at least he could withdraw himself. And, if the article were sound, why should he be willing to withdraw it—in other words, how were its character and usefulness destroyed by the appointment of the writer of it to a little office? Prince Bismarck evidently was alive to the humor of all this, for we read that "the Chancellor was especially cordial to Mr. Bates." No doubt a man of the world would be "cordial" to anybody who provided him with such exquisite fun. But better yet remains:

> "Mr. Bates has explained to Count Herbert Bismarck that since the publication of the official despatches in the White Book, which showed the attitude of the German Government, his article in the *Century*, which he had written as a private and uninformed person, had lost all point. He said that he had the utmost esteem for Germany, to which country America owed much. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to wound either the German nation or the German Government. Mr. Bates said he desired that this statement be published, and he trusted that it would remove entirely any ill-feeling towards him."

What our representative wrote as an "uninformed person" has "lost all point" by publication of the facts in the case which he wrote about. But the "point" was that Mr. Bates was "uninformed." To prove that he was so he thinks clears him of blame. It is a strange contention that you may say what you like, provided that you don't know what you are talking about.

If the arrival of Boulanger in England, and his riding his black horse in Rotten Row, amid the applause of the bystanders, increases his popularity in France, it will greatly increase the pity of the intelligent portion of other communities for the French people. Wherever he goes he acts as a sort of proclamation of the imbecility and failure of the Government of his own country based on universal suffrage. He is not, like other French pretenders who have sought shelter in Belgium or England, the representative of a rival dynasty, or a Republican protesting against Cæsarism or royalty. He is a soldier expelled from the army for insubordination, who has made his fame by announcing that the representatives of the French people, assembled in a Republican Parliament, are a parcel of knaves and fools. That any considerable number of Frenchmen should follow the movement of such a preacher in foreign countries, with hope or sympathy or admiration, or with any feeling but shame and indignation, is surely a most unpromising symptom. It will make a great many foreign observers feel as if real national pride was dying out in France.

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A CENTURY OF DEMOCRACY.

"It has been frequently remarked," said Madison, in the first number of the 'Federalist,' opening that masterly series of essays upon the Constitution then pending, "that it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are for ever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force. If there be any truth in the remark," he continued, "the crisis at which we are arrived may with propriety be regarded as the era in which that decision is to be made; and a wrong election of the part we shall act may, in this view, deserve to be considered as the general misfortune of mankind."

This language was not too strong for the situation. It would, indeed, have been "the general misfortune of mankind" if the American Union had not been established. But it would be a vastly greater misfortune if the experiment of Democracy thus inaugurated were, after thorough trial, to prove a failure. If the United States never had existed, the world might still look forward to the realization of the grand conceptions which brought this nation into existence; but if the American Union shall ever fall into decay, the human race may well despair of its capacity for progress.

The completion of a century since the inauguration of the first President is an occasion for serious reflection on the tendencies of the times. The material progress which the hundred years have brought may be left out of the account in such an estimate, for it has no real bearing upon the underlying question. It is interesting to note the changes that have attended the development of the railroad and the telegraph, and to contrast the meagre resources of the few States along the Atlantic seaboard in 1789 with the vast wealth of the great nation of 1889; but it is not important. Nor need we stop to consider the fact that the delicate system of interdependent Federal and State governments has been found, after the most crucial test, to work successfully, and that the perpetuity of the Union, so far as this feature is concerned, seems assured. That is one of the greatest achievements in human history, but it is not the fundamental element in the problem. The vital question concerns the national character, for character is the supreme test of a nation, as of a man. Does a century of Democracy leave the American people possessed of more robust virtues, putting more of conscience into the work of self-government, than it found them?

Contrasts between different periods in a nation's history centre about the prominent individualities of those periods. Such a contrast on this occasion is certainly calculated to depress one. The celebration in the midst of which we write, occurs in the metropolis of the country, whose Mayor is Hugh J. Grant, and in the greatest State of the Union, whose Governor is David B. Hill; while the latest successor of George Washington is Benjamin Harrison. These three men represent theoretically the consummate flower of the national century-plant; presumably they are the three men whom the voters of city, State, and country have picked out as their first citizens.

Obviously the scheme for securing the best men within the range of choice to fill the highest offices has failed. The framers of the Constitution flattered themselves most of all upon the elaborate contrivance which they had devised for the choice of President. "The process of election," said Hamilton in the 'Federalist,' "affords a moral certainty that the office of President will never fall to the lot of any man who is not in an eminent degree endowed with the requisite qualifications. Talents for low intrigue, and the little arts of popularity, may alone suffice to elevate a man to the first honors in a single State, but it will require other talents, and a different kind of merit, to establish him in the esteem and confidence of the whole Union, or of so considerable a portion of it as would be necessary to make him a successful candidate for the distinguished office of President of the United States. It will not be too strong to say that there will be a constant probability of seeing the station filled by characters preëminent for ability and virtue." In so far as regards the impossibility of a man's capturing the highest office by talents for intrigue, the expectation has been verified thus far—we have never had a "Dave" Hill in the White House; but some of its occupants have made the expression about "characters preëminent for ability" sound like a sarcasm.

The attempt to secure a succession of ideal Presidents through a system of electoral colleges, composed of the best citizens of all the States and acting independently, was predestined to failure; but the substitute of really naming the chief executive in one or other of two great party conventions, composed of hundreds of men, surrounded by thousands of spectators, and often swept away by some sudden wave of excitement, has been an even worse failure. The mob may thus name the President. As Mr. Blaine says in his 'Twenty Years of Congress': "In a final analysis of the causes and forces which nominated Mr. Lincoln, great weight must be given to the influence which came from the place where the Convention was held, and from the sympathy and pressure of the surrounding crowd. Illinois Republicans, from Cairo to the Wisconsin line, were present in uncounted thousands. The power of the mob in controlling public opinion is unmeasurable. In monarchical governments it has dethroned kings, and in republics it dictates candidates."

The evil runs through the whole system, and renders possible the nomination, which in turn renders possible and often inevitable the election, of such men as Hill to positions which rank well up towards the Presidency in power. Here "talents for low intrigue" find ample scope, and their employment may even decide the Presidency itself. Everybody of sense knows that Hill was elected Governor last fall through the saloon vote, and that the same saloon vote was cast for Harrison, giving him New York State, and thus electing him.

Nearly fifty years ago, when this evil had not fully developed, Story wrote in his 'Exposition of the Constitution': "The President is in no just sense the unbiassed choice of the people, or of the States. He is commonly the representative of a party, and not of the Union; and the danger, therefore, is that the office may hereafter be filled by those who will gratify the private resentments, or prejudices, or selfish objects of their particular partisans, rather than by those who will study to fulfil the high destiny contemplated by the Constitution, and be the impartial patrons, supporters, and friends of the great interests of the whole country." So true is it that the President has come to be the representative of a party, and not of the Union, that Gen. Grant once used the expression "the party which I represent," without any apparent comprehension that there was the slightest impropriety in such an attitude; while his successor was roundly ridiculed for the suggestion that "he serves his party best who serves his country best."

Experience has more than justified Washington's insistence in his "Farewell Address" upon "the baneful effects of the spirit of party." He urged that "the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it"; and yet in his day parties had hardly come into existence. The development of the spoils system is due to party spirit, and it is party spirit which renders it so hard to overthrow that system. Such a system was never even contemplated as within the range of possibilities by the fathers. Read what Washington wrote to a friend regarding the subject of appointments a few days after his inauguration:

> "No part of my duty will be more delicate, and in many instances more unpleasing, than that of nominating or appointing persons to office. It will undoubtedly often happen that there will be several candidates for the same office, whose pretensions, ability, and integrity may be nearly equal, and who will come forward so equally supported in every respect as almost to require the aid of supernatural intuition to fix upon the right. I shall, however, in all events, have the satisfaction to reflect that I entered upon my Administration unconfined by a single engagement, uninfluenced by any ties of blood or friendship, and with the best intentions and fullest determination to nominate to office those persons only who, upon every consideration, were the most deserving, and who would probably execute their several functions to the interest and credit of the American Union, if such characters could be found by my exploring every avenue of information respecting their merits and pretensions that it was in my power to obtain."

Contrast this statement with the recent extraordinary revelation that the Republican Congressmen from Missouri had met as a board of patronage to divide the spoils in that State, in accordance with the President's own suggestion. Contrast, also, the confession that efficient men are discharged from office simply for political reasons, with Madison's declaration that one such removal would constitute good cause for impeachment. During the first Congress the question arose whether the President could remove an official without the consent of the

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Senate. Madison held that such power was essential to efficient administration, and laughed at the suggestion that it would ever be abused. He said:

"The danger then, consists merely in this: the President can displace from office a man whose merits require that he should be continued in it. What will be the motives which the President can feel for such abuse of his power, and the restraints that operate to prevent it? In the first place, he will be impeachable by this House, before the Senate, for such an act of maladministration; *for I contend that the wanton removal of meritorious officers would subject him to impeachment and removal from his own high trust.* . . . Can we suppose a President, elected for four years only, dependent upon the popular voice, impeachable by the Legislature, little, if at all, distinguished for wealth, personal talents, or influence from the head of the Department himself—I say, will he bid defiance to all these considerations, and wantonly dismiss a meritorious and virtuous officer? *Such abuse of power exceeds my conception.*"

Nowadays such abuse of power is the most common thing in the world, and the worst feature of the case is that hardly anybody criticises it. Madison could not conceive that a President would ever be guilty of this offence, but he believed that, if such an event ever should occur, the offender would be promptly impeached. Now it is taken as a matter of course, and the person who objects is denounced as a "holier-than-thou."

The growing power of wealth and the growing worship of wealth must challenge the attention and arouse the apprehension of every thoughtful observer. Rich men now invest in offices as they do in horses or yachts, and millionaires are elected (because they are millionaires) who are so destitute of ability or merit that they would never be suggested except for their wealth. These abuses are not condemned by the press generally, because the press itself is afflicted with the craze for wealth. The conception of the editor as a public teacher, which Horace Greeley preached and exemplified, has yielded to the idea that a man may run a newspaper just as he would a cotton-mill, simply to make the largest possible dividends, and with no sense of duty towards the public. Worst of all, editors are becoming the most pertinacious of office-seekers, and many of the most prominent newspapers in the land are now muzzled through the appointment of their editors.

These are somewhat gloomy reflections—quite out of keeping with the roseate pictures of progress which the orators of the week have had to draw. But nations have fallen in the past because people were not content to accept such warnings as are contained in the impressive words with which Judge Story concluded his analysis of the Constitution in 1840:

"Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors, and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, of property, of religion, and of independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its foundations are solid; its compartments are beautiful, as well as useful; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order; and its defences are impregnable from without. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of man may justly aspire to such a title. It may, nevertheless, perish in an hour, by the folly or corruption or negligence of its only keepers, THE PEOPLE. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them."

Happily, there is encouragement to be derived from the nation's triumph over threatening difficulties in the past. Nothing in the present situation is so depressing as was the outlook half a century ago, when the slave power dominated the land. Yet, even in such a gloomy epoch, that profound philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his address on "Man the Reformer," delivered in 1841, uttered this hopeful forecast: "We complain that the politics of masses of the people are controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal, and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity." So, too, three years later, in his address on "The Young American," he said: "We cannot look on the freedom of this country, in connection with its youth, without a presentiment that here shall laws and institutions exist on some scale of proportion to the majesty of nature. To men legislating for the area betwixt the two oceans, betwixt the snows and the tropics, somewhat of the gravity of nature will infuse itself into the code." In like hopeful spirit spoke James Russell Lowell, when he said, in concluding his address on the assassination of Garfield in 1881: "I am not one of those who believe that democracy any more than any other form of government will go of itself. I am not a believer in perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics, but, in common with all of you, I have an imperturbable faith in the honesty, the intelligence, and the good sense of the American people and in the destiny of the American Republic." Perhaps more significant and encouraging is the more recent conclusion of another philosophical observer, whose judgment is not affected by any partiality of patriotism, Mr. James Bryce, who, in the introduction to his masterly discussion of 'The American Commonwealth,' notes "the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur, and of the private virtues of its inhabitants. America excites an admiration which must be felt upon the spot to be understood. The hopefulness of her people communicates itself to one who moves among them, and makes him perceive that the graver faults of politics may be far less dangerous there than they would be in Europe. A hundred times in writing the book have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating; a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors."

"All forms of human government," said Machiavelli, "have, like men, their natural term, and those only are long-lived which possess in themselves the power of returning to the principles on which they were originally founded." The real question of to-day is whether the American people possess this power of returning to the principles which governed in 1789. We are bound to believe that this latent power still exists—if for no other reason, because the contrary conclusion would make all mankind despair of the world's future.

A STUDY IN MODERN GOVERNMENT.

ABOUT a month ago, after several weeks of more or less thoughtful discussion in the newspapers and elsewhere, there was presented to the Legislature at Albany a bill which embodied a plan for securing a comprehensive system of rapid transit for New York city. The measure had been drawn by the city's legal adviser, the Corporation Counsel, and was known to embody the views of the city's chief Executive. It was published in full in the newspapers, and its various provisions were closely examined and seriously discussed. It was introduced simultaneously in both branches of the Legislature, and its advocates made strenuous efforts to have it advanced as fast as possible. For several weeks the discussions upon this bill and the prospects for its final passage have occupied more space in the newspaper reports from Albany than any other topic of legislative interest. More leading articles have been devoted to it, and to the elements opposing and favoring it, than to any other one subject of public discussion.

It was declared early in what may be called the bill's "campaign," that Jay Gould was making the most insidious and unscrupulous efforts to defeat it. Whenever its advance in either body was checked, there would be an outcry that Jay Gould's grip was upon the Legislature. On one day the bill would go with unexpected ease through a committee, and hope of its triumphant passage through the Legislature would be high; but on the next day it would receive a setback in one house or the other, and again would be heard the uproar about Jay Gould's devilish proceedings. About a fortnight ago the bill suddenly became hopelessly blocked in the Senate, and though the Jay Gould bogey was "worked" as industriously as ever, it soon became known to everybody who was able to see behind the scenes at all, that the hand that was blocking the bill's progress was "Tom" Platt's. There was a tussle, lasting for several days, between the Lieutenant-Governor, who was supposed to be doing Gov. Hill's bidding in the chair, and the Republican majority on the floor, to see whether Platt's grip was strong enough to resist all efforts to loosen it. The conclusion apparently reached was that conciliatory methods would be absolutely necessary, for on Saturday week Gov. Hill suddenly left Albany for New York city, and the Lieutenant-Governor ceased to attempt to control the Senate by overruling the majority in spite of all parliamentary rules and usages.

On arriving in New York the Governor, with considerable ostentation, conferred with

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some of the members of the Committee of Centennial Arrangements, and it was announced that this was the object of his visit. Afterwards he went into executive session with the Mayor and Richard Croker; and so loyal a friend of the Governor's as the *Sun* gave currency to a rumor that "Tom" Platt took some part or other in the conference, his views being there if he himself was not. On Monday, a bill which had been slumbering unnoticed in both houses since March 14, received a sudden impetus. It provides for a reconstruction of the Police Board in New York city, reducing the number of members from four to two, and requiring that one shall be a Democrat and the other a Republican. Under the present law, the Mayor can appoint all the members from one party if he chooses. There is to be a vacancy in the Board on May 1, owing to the fact that on that date the term of a Republican member, "Steve" French, is to expire. It has been an open secret that the Mayor has not wished to reappoint French, or to name any other Republican, but to put a Tammany man in the place. This bill, making it obligatory upon him to appoint a Republican, was taken up suddenly in both houses on the reassembling of the Legislature after the Governor's visit to this city, and its final passage, as well as that of the Rapid-Transit Bill, is now said to be certain. It has already passed the Senate.

The *World*, which is the organ both of the Governor and the Mayor, makes the announcement that "there is urgent need for reformation in the Police Department in this city." In the *Sun*, which is a more devoted Hill organ even than the *World*, we find this information:

> "The Albany situation is full of interest to local politicians. The two-headed non-partisan bills have slept so long in the Legislature that the activity now shown in pushing them is regarded as significant. The purpose of the Republicans to make use of the Democratic interest in Mayor Grant's Rapid Transit Bill in getting them through and signed by the Governor is apparent. There is one thing certain, and that is that the Tammany people are feeling very comfortable over the Albany situation. They seem to think that the Mayor's Rapid-Transit Bill is coming out all right, and the prospect of the Police Commission being made two-headed, or the making of the Bureau of Elections a separate department with two Commissioners, does not disturb them."

Similar information appears in the *Times* and *Tribune*. The *Times*, which has had great faith in the Mayor's disinterested motives on the rapid-transit question, has very full and minute intelligence about the agreement or "deal," and says that Mr. Platt's associate in the negotiations in behalf of the Republicans was Mr. Van Cott, our new Postmaster, who is too busy with politics to assume his new duties.

Now, it is not our purpose to moralize on this "deal," but simply to call attention to it as an illustration of what government in the State of New York has come to be in this year of centennial jubilation. Here the newspapers have been discussing for a month or more a question of the greatest importance to this city. Some of them, at least, have been discussing it seriously, with no other desire than to have that result reached which should be most beneficial to the city's interests. Of what possible use has the discussion been? Has the Legislature listened to it at all? Have the members been influenced in the slightest degree by either that or by the arguments made in committee? Certainly not. The fate of the measure has from the beginning hung upon the will of two men, or possibly three —Gov. Hill, "Tom" Platt, and "Dick" Croker. These three get together and decide what shall become of it. Platt's terms are not known, of course, beyond that portion of them which is revealed by the Police Commission Bill. That bill will make a place for one Boy, and very likely will result in keeping O'Brien or another Boy in charge of the Bureau of Elections. Nobody will know till the Rapid Transit Commission is appointed whether Platt's terms include a share in that or not. Undoubtedly also the Governor has his terms, and what is left after he and Platt have received their share will go to Croker for Tammany Hall.

Could there be a greater farce than this under the name of legislation? Why put the State to the expense of keeping a body of 160 men in session at Albany for five or six months in order to have it do what three men agree upon at a "conference" of a few hours' duration? Why not make Gov. Hill, "Tom" Platt," and "Dick" Croker a commission of three to govern the city and State, and pay them for the service? That would be only formal recognition of what is really the government of New York to-day.

IN AND OUT OF OKLAHOMA.

OKLAHOMA will be known in history as the Territory that was settled in one day and very nearly unsettled again two days later. On Tuesday, April 23, something like 50,000 people, some of whom had been camping on the borders of the promised land for two years, made a wild rush into it and seized upon its soil. Ten or fifteen thousand of them squatted on one spot, called it the city of Guthrie, endeavored to establish a municipal government, opened a bank with a capital of $50,000, issued a newspaper—all between twelve o'clock noon and four P. M. They mapped out the city into squares, opened and named streets, and sold all the house lots, the corner lots bringing fine prices. At night they went to bed, some in tents, some on the ground. Oklahoma City was established in another part of the Territory in a similar way, and smaller towns were established and named under much the same circumstances. When night came at the end of the first day, it was estimated that every particle of desirable land among the 1,800,000 acres comprising the new Territory had a claimant. The country was settled. No less than three cities had been builded, not merely in a day, but in an hour, and there were more towns than can now be enumerated. It was said, with much eloquence, by a Chicago reporter who was there, that "Guthrie, which was at noon a name on the map, a little red station-house by the railway, was at nightfall a booming city of 15,000 inhabitants."

But daylight of the following day, coming after a night which had made painfully evident the fact that the changes of temperature from heat to cold were very sudden in the promised land, made many other depressing revelations. It was noticed that the soil was rich enough in the main streets of the city of Guthrie, but that the surrounding country was sterile, capable of bearing nothing more than buffalo grass and cactus. It was discovered that the water in the one neighboring stream was not abundant; that the stream itself was small, and that the water had an alkaline flavor. It began to be suspected that there never could be a great city in such a spot, and that somebody had been working up the price of town lots for selfish purposes. The second night came after a day of much suffering in body as well as in mind. There was scarcity of both provisions and water, as well as shelter. In the night a violent wind arose, filling the air with stifling alkali dust, and bringing in its train a pouring storm of rain. The next morning nothing except the lack of adequate transportation facilities saved the proud city of Guthrie, with its bank and newspaper, from instant depopulation. Everybody who could get upon a railroad train, either inside or outside the cars, got there, and started out of the promised land. Even the eloquent Chicago reporter lost heart and sent off this mournful tale: "Guthrie is without form. The original streets have disappeared, and new sections are being ploughed every hour. Values have fallen to practically nothing, and public confidence is at a low ebb."

The story of Guthrie is the story, with slight variations, of the other parts of the new land. The rush to get out became on the second day as violent and frenzied as it had been to get in, and it is continuing daily. It is now estimated that not more than one-quarter of those who went in will remain.

Was there ever a more extraordinary exhibition of the restlessness of the American character than this Oklahoma episode has furnished? For ten years a constantly increasing throng of persons, until they numbered 50,000, has been struggling to get into Oklahoma. Probably not one in a hundred of them knew why he wished to get in. All he knew was that he was not allowed to go, and he reasoned that the land must be an extraordinarily attractive and desirable one because he was kept out of it. There never was a more successful boom in politics than this of Oklahoma. It was started, as many a political boom has been, by the judicious use of money. There is little doubt that the first boomers were paid by the railway companies to break into the Territory and endeavor to establish settlements. Every time that they broke in and were driven out again, the knowledge of their exploits spread over a wider area and reached the ears of more people. Why were they trying to get in, and why were they so often baffled? That they were ejected because the land was reserved by the Government for the Indians, did not sufficiently explain the proceedings. There must be something wonderful in the country itself which caused such unusual struggles.

Without reasoning further than this, the

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unsettled and roving dispositions of the whole country began to gather on the border and peer into the forbidden land. Every fresh raid had a larger number of participants, and the increased difficulty of ejecting them sent a louder rumor abroad. It even reached other countries, and recruits for the boomers began to come from Germany, England, and even Russia. Finally the politicians had to take a hand, and a law was passed decreeing that a portion of the coveted domain should be thrown open for settlement, and a date was fixed by Presidential proclamation when legal possession could be taken. The Boomer "cities" stretching along the border swelled into marvellous proportions after this was known, and on the date of entry they contained in the morning their thousands of souls, and at night not one. They were all deserted and their inhabitants had founded new cities.

Two days later they were reinhabited for a few minutes by the same boomers getting back as fast as possible to a base of supplies. They had gone into the promised land evidently expecting to find it literally flowing with milk and honey. They seem to have taken no thought as to what they were to subsist upon, how they were to be sheltered and clothed. They had rushed into a wilderness without stopping to think how they were to live when they got there. To reach the wilderness they had crossed over millions of acres of as good if not better land than they were to find there, which they could have had for a fraction of what they had spent to reach the wilderness, and upon which they could have established homes with the benefits of civilization within their reach, and the protection of organized State governments about them. But they paid no attention to that. They left all behind and rushed forward, to meet nothing but desert, privation, hunger, thirst, and mob lawlessness. The only ones among the boomers who have profited by the expedition are the cool-headed scoundrels who went into it and kindled its excitement to fury for the gain which they could make out of it. Many of them are probably on the way out now with the money of their victims in their pockets.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY.

CHICAGO, April 14, 1889.

THE fundamental purpose of the late Walter L. Newberry, in his munificent bequest for the endowment of a library in Chicago, the nucleus of which has been already organized, was to make it an exhaustive reference library for the use of scholars and the general literary public. The trustees, Mr. W. H. Bradley and Mr. E. W. Blatchford, and the accomplished librarian, W. F. Poole, late President of the American Library Association, have kept this purpose steadily in view, and, in organizing and enriching its various departments, beginning with that of bibliography, which is becoming one of the most complete in the country, have aimed to make the collections in each notable for their original search documents, manuscripts, maps, charts, and books. In this important work, assisted by well-known experts, and having the advantage of the services of experienced connoisseurs and antiquarians, they have been remarkably successful, to the extent even that the library, though it will be in a formative condition for many years, has already acquired an international reputation.

The musical department of the library has made rapid progress, and, though yet but the nucleus of what it will be ere long, it can safely challenge any other collection of its kind in this country in its complete adaptation to the needs of musical scholarship, and in the number of rare works and original editions which it contains. The preparation of the list of books occupied several months of careful research, and it was then scrutinized by musical experts, both here and in the East, among them Prof. Paine of Harvard, who asked permission to borrow titles from it for the use of the University collection. It was then sent to Europe, and for nearly a year experienced buyers have been engaged in filling the orders. In the pursuit of some of the rarest volumes, the trustees were notified of an opportunity to purchase the library of Count Pio Resse of Florence, Italy, which contained among its other valuable books many unique musical works covering the most important period of Italian musical history. One score alone, the opera of "Euridice," by Peri, to which reference is made below, induced the trustees not only to take the whole collection, but to close the bargain by cable, lest this treasure should be lost to the library. When the books arrived, they were found to be even more valuable than the catalogue indicated, large numbers of them being original editions of the most famous writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In scores the library is already very complete. It possesses the orchestral scores of nearly all the important Italian, French, German, and English operas (both the orchestral and piano scores of the Wagner music-dramas), of all the standard symphonies, and of the leading works of Berlioz, Liszt, Rubinstein, Dvořák, and other composers of the modern Romantic school; numerous editions of piano and organ music; the songs and ballads of various countries; the early music of the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches, the German chorales, and English and American psalmody; while a large collection of oratorios, cantatas, and chamber music is on the way, all of which is properly supplemented by a complete list of thematic catalogues.

A glance at some of the special editions among these scores will indicate both their excellence and completeness. They include the 34 volumes of the Bach Gesellschaft; the 48 volumes of Beethoven issued by Breitkopf & Härtel; the 16 volumes issued by the English Händel Society, and the 94 sumptuous volumes of the German Händel Society; the 73-volume Breitkopf & Härtel edition of Mozart, the 40-volume edition of Mendelssohn, the 29-volume edition of Palestrina, the 21-volume edition of Schubert, the 7-volume edition of Heinrich Schütz, and the 38-volume edition of Schumann, all by the same house. The 19 volumes published by the English Musical Antiquarian Society are particularly rich in early English music, including madrigals, motetts, songs, and fantasies by quaint old John Evelyn, Bateson, Bennett, Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, Hilton, Morley, Weelkes, and Wilbye (1589-1627); the songs of John Dowland, Shakspere's friend, whose "Lacrymæ" has been preserved for posterity in the plays of Ben Jonson, Middleton, Fletcher, and Massinger; the "Parthenia," the first music composed for the virginals; and Purcell's dramatic music to "Bonduca," "King Arthur," and "Dido and Æneas," this last being the first serious effort of the father of the English lyric drama. The "Musica Antiqua," a comprehensive selection of the motetts, madrigals, anthems, lessons, and dance tunes from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, arranged by John Stafford Smith, organist to George III., is a fitting companion to these volumes. In the same general line is the 'Publikation Ælterer Praktischer und Theoretischer Musik werke vorzugsweise des XV. und XVI. Jahrhunderts,' published under the auspices of the German Gesellschaft für Musikforschung at Berlin. Four elegant volumes, 'La Harpe d'Éole,' 'Les Sirènes,' 'La Danse Macabre,' and 'Les Cris de Paris,' by that indefatigable composer and littérateur, Georges Kastner, who died in Paris in 1867, are monuments to his industry, as they join to exhaustive and richly illustrated essays on these subjects elaborate musical settings of the same subjects in symphonic form for voices and instruments. Another extremely valuable work is the beautiful four-volume edition of Benedetto Marcello's 'Settings of the Psalms,' bound in vellum and issued in Venice in 1803, besides which the library also has the Milan five-volume edition of the same with Mirecke's piano accompaniments, revised by Cherubini. A rare novelty is the 'Sacred Songs of Francesco Soto,' published at Rome in 1588. Soto was the friend of St. Philip Neri, the father of the oratorio, and in 1575 had charge of the music in the oratory which the latter founded. Soto was also the founder of the first Carmelite convent in Rome, and a special favorite with Sixtus V., of whose chapel he was dean at the time of his death. Among the older Italian works are a set of canzonets and madrigals by Brunelli, chapelmaster to the Duke of Tuscany, Venice, 1614; canzonets by Cazzati, chapelmaster of San Petronio in Bologna, 1668; the sacred motetts of Cifra, a pupil of Palestrina, of whose music Milton was very fond, Rome, 1638; canzonets of Giovanni Battista of Gagliano, Venice, 1623; concerted pieces with organ by Vincenzo Pellegrini, Venice, 1619; and the madrigals of the Bolognese chapelmaster, Alessandro Spontone, Venice, 1585. There is also in the Italian collection a set of manuscript songs for alto with accompanying bass, beautifully written and adorned with exquisite initial capitals, which is claimed to have been the handiwork of Stradella. Its authenticity, however, has not yet been established. As an artistic work it is none the less unique.

The gem of the collection is the original edition of Jacopo Peri's opera, "Euridice," Florence, 1600, an edition which has now become so rare that only one other copy is supposed to be in existence. Its value is derived from the fact that it was the first opera which was ever publicly represented in the world. In 1597 Peri wrote the opera of "Dafne," set to a poem by Rinuccini, and the music composed in what was supposed to be the style of the ancient Greek tragedy. It was only privately performed, however, at the Palazzo Corsi, but its success was so great among the friends of Peri that he was induced to compose music in the same style to the poem of "Euridice," also written by Rinuccini, which was publicly performed upon the occasion of the festivities attending the marriage of Henry IV. of France to Maria de' Medici. In his exhaustive sketch of the rise and progress of "Opera" in Grove's Dictionary, Mr. Rockstro, speaking of the original edition, not only says that he has never seen a copy of it himself, but adds: "This score is now exceedingly scarce. Hawkins did not even know of its existence, and Burney succeeded in discovering one example only, in the possession of the Marchese Ri-

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nuccini, a descendant of the poet at Florence; but a copy of the Venice edition is happily preserved in the library of the British Museum." The copy acquired by the Newberry Library is the Florence original edition (1600); that in the British Museum is the Venice reprint of 1608. It is bound in vellum and is perfectly preserved. The notation is in the old lozenge-shaped notes, the recitative being accompanied by the ordinary figured bass. A copy of the original libretto also came with it, bearing the same date and containing a dedication by Rinuccini to the Queen. Though considerably stained when received, it has been skilfully restored and is now in perfect condition. Query for the bibliographists: Is this copy the one which Burney saw, and is it not the only copy in existence?

The student of the science of music will not only find in this library the standard modern works, such as those of Ouseley, Lobe, Marx, Richter, Helmholtz, Judassohn, Hauptmann, Cherubini, Berlioz, and others, but he can fairly revel in original editions of unique works. Meibomius is represented by a fine copy of his great work, 'Antiquæ Musicæ Auctores Septem Græce et Latine,' 2 vols. (Amsterdam, Elzevir, 1652). There are also beautiful copies of Padre Martini's 'Storia della Musica,' dedicated to Maria Barbara, Queen of Spain (1757), and of his 'Esemplare di Contrapunto,' two works whose sumptuousness of print and pictorial embellishment put to shame the moderns. There are also the original editions of the three greatest treatises of the most learned theorist of his time, Gioseffe Zarlino, viz.: 'Dimostrationi Armoniche' (Venice, 1571); 'Le Istitutioni Armoniche' (Venice, 1558); and 'Sopplimenti Musicali' (1538). Of equal rarity are the splendid originals of the old Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher—the 'Musurgia Universalis' (Rome, 1650); the 'Phonurgia Nova' (Rome, 1673), an amplification of the 'Musurgia'; and the 'Ars Magnetica' (1641), a collection of songs which were supposed to be specifics for the cure of the bite of the tarantula. An extremely rare and curious work is the 'Tractatus secundus de naturæ simia seu technica macrocosmi historia' (London, 1624), by Robert Fludd, an English mystic and physician who has been credited with the invention of the barometer. There is a quaint chapter in the book on music. The oldest book in the collection is the "Musica" of Boethius, who died 524 A. D., and left behind him in this work the old Greek scales of Ptolemy and the theories of Pythagoras. The book was printed in 1491. There are also a perfect original edition in Latin of Fux's 'Gradus ad Parnassum' (Vienna, 1725), the text-book which Mozart and Haydn studied, and a fine copy of the great violinist Tartini's 'De Principj dell' Armonia Musicale' (Padua, 1767). In addition to these, there are such rare works as Rameau's 'Génération harmonique' (1738); 'Observations on the Chorus of the Papal Chapel,' by Andrea Adami da Bolsena (1711); 'Il Musico Testore,' by Zaccaria Teno (1705); 'Il Tesoro Illuminato,' by Aijquino Bresciano (1631); Berton's 'Traité d'Harmonie' and 'Dictionnaire des Accords' (1822); 'Historia Musica,' by Andrea Angelini Bontempi (1692); 'Canto Harmonico,' by Andrea da Modena (1690); and 'Trattato sopra le Fughe Musicali,' by Sabbatini, a pupil of Padre Martini (1802).

Among other works, though not in the above class, are Joaquin de Vasconcello's bibliography of Portuguese composers; all of Coussemaker's splendid volumes; Antoine Vidal's beautiful 'Les Instruments à Archet,' with Hillemacher's etchings; Jones's 'Bardic Museum' and 'Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards'; all of Ritson's volumes on the early English ballads; Gerbert's famous 'De Cantu et Musica Sacra' (1774), and his 'Scriptores ecclesiastici de musica sacra' (1784); Gevaërt's works; the bibliographies of church music by Wackernagel, Clements, Winterfeld, and Herculeus; Czerwinski's 'Dances of the Sixteenth Century'; the standard biographies of every prominent composer and many curious old sketches of the ancients; a full line of histories in every modern language; the "gesammelte Schriften" of Berlioz, Cherubini, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller, and other composers, including also their letters; and the dictionaries of Busby, Rees, Hiles, Smith, Jousse, Stainer, Brande, Browne, Grove, Rousseau, Choron and Fayolle, Fétis, Escudier, Coussemaker, Castil-Blaze, Forkel, Reissmann, Koch, Ambros, Riemann, Gerker, Bernsdorf, and Mendel, besides a good representation of the Spanish, Italian, and Flemish lexicons.

In the periodical department there are already on the shelves complete files of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, Sando's *L'Année Musicale*, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, the *Harmonicon* (without which no library would be complete), the Hofmeister series, Chrysander's *Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft*, Eitner's *Monatshefte für Musik Geschichte*, the London *Quarterly Musical Magazine*, the *Signale für die Musikalische Welt*, and the *Bayreuther Blätter*, and there are now on the way complete sets of the London *Musical World*, London *Musical Times*, Escudier's *L'Art Musical*, the *Berliner Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Hiller's *Wochentliche Nachrichten*, the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, and the *Gazette Musicale*, founded in 1845 by Ricordi at Milan.

In this necessarily incomplete sketch I have omitted all reference to the current publications and those of the last few years. My purpose has been to indicate the great value of the library already to the musical scholar, and to foreshadow the splendid collection which, in a year or two at most, will challenge any library in the country for completeness in every branch of musical research. And when I add that in all the other departments of the library equal taste, culture, and enthusiasm are at work to build it up, and that Mr. Poole is surrounded by a corps of expert assistants, its future usefulness can hardly be overstated. As the work of a single year, its growth is already remarkable.

GEO. P. UPTON.

THE ITALIAN FLEET.

LEGHORN, April 6, 1889.

"THE rise of iron-ship building in Italy is almost a romance," wrote the London *Engineer*, while Sir Charles Dilke, an expert in naval expenditure, is astonished at "how much Italy gets for her money," and shows "that Russia spends more upon her navy than Italy does, yet as a matter of fact the Russian navy is not worth counting by the side of the Italian navy of to-day; that Italy, in addition to the two splendid ships she has at sea, is building or equipping eight first-class sea-going iron-clads as against seven being built by France and eleven by England, and she certainly seems to have, as regards the material of her fleet, achieved remarkable results at a low rate of cost."

If Italy has succeeded in connecting "romance" and iron-ship building, the palm of poetry must be conceded to her in modern as in ancient times; and if this be due, the merit must be shared by all her best and wisest, without any distinction of party, of rank, or of wealth. Here in Leghorn, in the house of the Orlando brothers, where I am writing in the large, long dining-room, built in fifteen days for the guests—Queen Margaret included—invited for the launch of the *Lepanto*, the truth stranger than fiction is forced on one. Throughout 300 years of slavery, Italy's war and commercial navy had declined to zero. But for Nelson, the French fleet would have swept the seas and the Bourbons with their belongings into it: nor did the Revolutionary Government of 1848 realize that not until Italy should regain something of her former strength upon the sea could she hope to hold such liberty and independence as she might gain. Garibaldi's was a voice in the desert till Cavour heard and was penetrated by its urgency. In 1855 the four brothers Orlando, exiled for their participation in the Sicilian revolution, "while waiting for the next summons," set up business as engineers at Pila, between S. Pier d'Arena and Genoa, and in 1855 induced Cavour, then Minister of Public Works, to give them a commission to build an iron-clad. The first iron-clad built in Italy, the *Sicilia*, a paddle steamer, 108 feet long, displacement 200 tons, speed at trial ten knots, was launched successfully, and so pleased Cavour that when the numerous arrests for the Pisacane expedition were made, the Orlando brothers, though neck deep in the conspiracy, went scot free, though warned that "next time, iron-clads or no, they would be banished from the kingdom." Patriots first, then shipbuilders, three out of the four brothers were of the thousand who landed with Garibaldi at Marsala in 1860.

In 1865 they transferred their business to Leghorn, where their iron works now cover a surface of 93,000 square yards, the workshops 26,222, and the docks—constructed with all the latest improvements—50,000 yards. The dry-dock is 443 feet long, there are five building slips, two rail slipways that can launch a ship 333 feet long. Besides the workshops for shipbuilding and boilermaking, the brothers have a foundry with five furnaces, and cranes that lift 38 tons, and they can cast pieces of 40 tons weight. In the building-shop, which measures 440 by 73 feet, supplied with the most modern machinery, there are three travelling cranes of 40 and 20 and 10 tons, an enormous machine that planes a surface of 20 by 17 feet, and a large double lathe with four cutters which can turn a nine-foot diameter. The works are supplied with a large steam crane of 70 tons, 70 feet high, for laying on board boilers, engines, masts, guns, and armor. They employ from 1,200 to 1,600 hands, and the perfect union between masters and men is delightful to see.

In 1876, owing to the failure of the Trinacria company, the brothers had to offer a composition to their creditors. The majority agreed, and gave a long time to pay off the capital and interest, but the small fry refused, and failure seemed inevitable, when Garibaldi, who, to his grief, had accepted the national gift, insisted on their taking part of it as a loan—would accept no refusal, ordering Luigi "to be silent and obey." The firm was saved, and capital and interest were repaid years ago. A few years later the first-class war ship *Lepanto*, displacement 13,550, horse-power 18,000, speed 18 knots, length 400 feet, breadth 73, water draught 28, greatest thickness of armor (on towers) 19 inches, carrying four guns of 103 tons each, was launched triumphantly. Owing to the limited space of water and the great weight of the ship, the direst prophecies were in circulation. The Government quaked, the workmen trembled, their women folk spent treasures to secure the "Madonna's" protection, and during the ceremony said aves and paternosters

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aloud. But the brothers—now aided by sons who are certificated engineers of the first class—had spent $60,000 to make all safe on the stocks, and the *Lepanto*, feeling that the future fate of private shipbuilders was at stake, behaved like a true daughter of the soil, quitting it with graceful ease for her native element. We have now just been over the *Fieramosca*, a seventeen-knot vessel of the type of the *Giovanni Bausan*, built by Sir William Armstrong & Co. at Newcastle-on-Tyne. She is to be armed with 25-ton Armstrong breech-loaders, mounted in an unarmored barbette, fore and aft, six 6-inch sponson guns, eight rapid-fire and machine guns, four torpedo tubes. This firm also built the *Clio*, the first torpedo boat built in Italy, and has launched five first-class torpedo boats, two armored gunboats (specially built for river service), the torpedo ram *Vesuvio*, with numerous steamships, gunboats, steam race yachts, despatch vessels, salvage boats, and fresh-water tanks, cutters, etc. And when one private firm has done all this, the rapid progress made by Italy is explained.

The necessity of being strong on the seas is now recognized by all, and can scarcely be expressed more strongly than in the words of Gen. Ricci, late chief of staff of the Italian Army, who in a speech to his constituents in 1887 made, for a soldier, the following remarkable statement:

"Our continental frontier is one of the strongest in the world, because the Alps, fortified as they are, and defended by 250,000 or 300,000 Italians, present an impassable barrier. I even dare say that we are too strong on the side of the Alps, and I wish to again ask the Chamber to economize here as much as possible in order to increase the naval budget, so that we may have enough ships to prevent attack on our coasts, *the weak point—the very weak point—of Italy*. . . . Every time that I, General of the Army and Alpine Deputy, appear in Parliament, I shall say 'All for the Navy.'"

But the country was slow in coming to this conclusion.

After the disaster of Lissa—due not solely to the blundering, irresolute, and timid Admiral, but also to the ignorance (in naval matters) of the Minister of the Navy, and the absence of unity in direction between the land and sea forces—Italian naval construction, instead of increasing, visibly declined. With Venice freed and Rome only to be occupied by "moral force," with crippled finances and universal discontent, the men then in power determined on "economy to the bone," utterly neglected the navy, and, to the disgust of the soldier King, cut down military expenditure to the lowest possible minimum. The Liberals (then in opposition) never ceased to insist on naval constructions and well-defended arsenals, always giving their support to the Minister of the Navy, even when hostile to the Cabinet as a whole. A remarkable instance of this was given in 1875, when the entire Liberal forces were combined to overthrow the Minghetti Ministry on account of its outrageous conduct during the recent elections. Garibaldi had just arrived from Caprera, appearing for the first time in Rome since 1849, and the terrified Ministry placed the city almost in a state of siege. Admiral Bon, who, from the time he assumed the naval office in 1873, had insisted on the inadequacy of the Italian fleet even to defend the coast, and on the insufficiency of the funds allotted, affirmed that the first step to be taken towards naval reform must consist in putting at least thirty-three out of the seventy-three men-of-war then kept in commission under the auctioneer's hammer, and to use the proceeds and the yearly appropriations hitherto uselessly spent in repairing wooden ships and converting iron guns in constructing steel and new iron ships and guns. Garibaldi, who had just taken the oath (the entire House, deputies and spectators, madly acclaiming him), stanchly supported the proposition, and Signor Bon's organic plan of reform was discussed and voted even by the most violent adversaries of the Cabinet.

When, in the following year, the Left seized the helm, the question of fortified arsenals, coast defences, naval constructions, combined with a total reform of the army system, was studied and discussed, and a certain progress was visible yearly—avowedly and actually for strictly defensive action. Italy, being at peace with all the world, calculated on devoting her time and money to internal reforms, to public works, to the development of her commerce and industries, but could not shut her eyes to the fact that republican France was even more hostile to her unity than monarchical France had shown itself, and as hostile to her rising power as the Empire had been after the consolidation of the nation by the conquest of Venice. This hostility was accentuated during the absolute dictatorship of M. Thiers, who had protested vehemently against the war of 1859, who had forced Rouher to the famous assertion that Italy should "never" rule in Rome, and who would willingly have done his very best to turn the Italians out of their capital. Hence a sudden fervor for fortifying Rome; but Garibaldi laughed the Government pretty well out of this absurdity, showing the impossibility of preventing a sudden descent on Rome when once an army had succeeded in landing:

"This army," he observed drily, "will not walk within range of your guns on Mount Mario! Hence you must fortify all the seven hills, and, when you have done this, must erect an outer system of forts. And even then? Think of the fortifications of Paris; of what use were they? And pray how long did the terrible fortifications of Nicopoli prevent the passage of the Danube? Your coast and islands are undefended, accessible to all who want to land. You must be able to blockade the enemy, to prevent him from issuing from his ports to attack yours, and this you can only do by creating a fleet worthy of our nation. You are ruining us by your useless army expenditure. The armed nation is your only resource, and until you *do* adopt the American or Swiss system, as long as you *will* have a standing army,* stick to short service and long reserves; don't keep a twentieth part of your men under the colors, stultifying them in barracks and depriving the soil of their labors, but give them military instruction in their own homes, drill and discipline them, encourage target-shooting, let every able-bodied male know how to handle a rifle or a carbine. This for the infantry. The 'special' arms—artillery, cavalry, engineers—must be brought to perfection; but remember that the *most special* arm for Italy is her navy. In neglecting her navy Italy is deliberately committing suicide."

Italy's political situation must be taken quite as much into account as her geographical configuration, when we come to examine the class of war ships which she has set herself to produce. While not pretending to dominate the Mediterranean, she cannot allow it to become a "French lake," must have a fleet sufficiently powerful to hold her own without allies against a French fleet which threatens her from Toulon, Corsica, and now from Biserta. Again, if, as at present, she be allied with great Continental Powers, her fleet is just as essential to prevent a foreign fleet from hindering her mobilization and from destroying her railroads, all of which can be reached from the sea. Hence, her resolve to possess a few first-class ships, with all-powerful ordnance, the utmost possible speed and utmost capacity of coal-bunkers. Her abandonment of side armor as a protection to stability has been severely criticised by some great authorities and highly praised by others. She believes that her monster ironclads are the only true defenders of her extended, defenceless coast from bombardment or invasion, and counts not a little on her numerous torpedo boats for attacking the bottoms of the enemy's ships. Her first monsters were the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*, central citadel battle ships of 11,000 tons each, speed fifteen knots, with four 100-ton guns in turrets. These ships are 346 feet in length, the armored belt 107 feet long. Later, the naval authorities demurred at the deficiency of coal endurance of ships of this type—a fatal defect this for *coalless* Italy, borne in later on their minds by England's rigid adherence to the laws of neutrality in refusing permission to France to coal at her coaling-stations during the war with China. So the *Italia* was planned, and is, with her successors, placed by Lloyd's in their Universal Register as "sea-going armor-clads." They carry lofty armored towers and a curved armor deck, "just," says Mr. King, "to keep out shot and shell from the engines and boilers, the magazines, shell-room spaces, and the channels leading therefrom to the upper deck, and to protect the guns in the casemate when not elevated above the battery and the gunners employed in firing them. But all other parts of the ship above the armored deck, all the guns not in the casemate, and all persons out of the casemate and not below the armored deck, will be exposed to the enemy's projectiles." This abandonment of side armor is defended by the majority of Italian naval authorities. The *Re Umberto*, *Sicilia*, *Sardegna* are identical. The attention Italy is paying to her torpedo fleet has called forth the following remark from a French retired admiral, who writes to M. Branda, author of 'Réformes Navales—La France sur l'Océan': "We are ready for nothing; we have nothing, not even twenty-five torpedo boats to range alongside our iron-clads, a kind of tortoise out of which we drag ten or eleven knots with difficulty, *and which are going to have to deal with the Italian fleet* backed by a hundred torpedo boats in fighting trim and steaming fifteen to eighteen knots."

To show Italy's progress in naval construction, we may put the situation of the royal navy at the end of 1886 thus: First-class ironclads 18, second-class 3; first-class transports, store and troop ships 4, second-class 4, third-class 11; training ships 3; for local uses 11; gunboats 6; high-sea torpedoes 2; first-class torpedo boats 62, second-class 21; total, 179. During the year 1888 the following war ships were launched from royal dockyards and private home and foreign shipbuilding yards: *Principe Umberto*, first-class, 13,298 tons, built at Castellamare; torpedo ram, *Fieramosca*, 3,745 tons, Orlando brothers; torpedo ram, *Piedmont*, 2,500 tons, built by Armstrong, Newcastle; two torpedo cruisers, *Montebello* and *Monzambano*, 741 tons each, built at the royal arsenal at Spezia; five torpedo despatch-boats of 129 tons each, viz., *Aquila*, *Avoltojo*, *Falco*, *Nibbio*, *Sparviero*; the gunboat *Curtatone*, 1,050 tons, at Venice; 35 high-sea torpedoes, 85 tons each; 2 first-class coasting torpedoes, 34 tons each. Nearly completed, commenced in 1885, are the first-class iron-clad *Sardegna*, 13,860 tons, royal arsenal, Spezia; the *Sicilia*, 13,298 tons, laid down in 1884, royal arsenal, Venice; the torpedo cruiser *Confienza*,

*Such was Garibaldi's horror of standing armies that, even as he had watched with intense anxiety for the preservation of the Union and for the abolition of slavery, so, after the final triumph, he watched with equal keenness for the return to the *status quo ante bellum*. "If the United States maintain a standing army, it will be their ruin. Armed men want to fight for fighting's sake," he said.

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745 tons, royal arsenal, Spezia. The *Doria* and *Morosini* iron-clads of 11,000 tons each, launched in 1888, are now arming. The following ships were laid down in 1888 and are on the stocks in the royal and private dockyards: torpedo despatch-boat *Marco Polo*, 3,759 tons; cruisers, *Lombardia*, *Liguria*, *Umbria*, and *Etruria*, 2,281 each; torpedo cruisers *Aretusa*, *Minerva*, *Urania*, *Partenope* A and B, 845 tons each, and a towboat.

Hence Italy last year launched 56 war ships of 26,300 tons total; 12 vessels of 18,021 tons were laid down; while seven ships of 50,129 tons laid down or launched before 1888 are being armed and equipped.

Side by side with her shipbuilding and gun fabricating, or purchasing, the Italians are paying the utmost attention to the enrolment and instruction of marines, and especially to the education and practical training of naval officers. In the Naval Academy, which we have just visited, 315 youths are distributed into five classes. Those who are to be naval engineers must pass two years in the University of Genoa. "Young Italy on the seas" may yet prove a trusty friend, a dangerous foe.

J. W. M.

BERNADOTTE'S QUEEN.

MARSEILLES, March 9, 1889.

THE recent death of Count François Clary, ex-Senator of the Empire, naturally brings up remembrances of the Clary family, which—except, of course, the Bonapartes—was, on the whole, the most distinguished of the new families created by the French Revolution. Its founder was also François Clary, a wealthy merchant of Marseilles who died in 1794, before the social fortune of his family had been dreamed of. He had two sons, one of whom succeeded to the business, and four daughters. Of these one married a member of the well-known family of Villeneuve; another, Baron Antoine de St. Joseph, a remarkable economist, who belonged to a family of magistrates, and had distinguished himself by travels and commercial combinations. He lived at Constantinople for ten years as head of a commercial house, and finally projected a commercial alliance between Russia, Poland, and France to develop French commerce with the Black Sea. The idea was warmly taken up by Catharine II., and was adopted by the French Government on the recommendation of the Abbé Raynal, with the aid of Count de Ségur; and it was successful. Timber and other merchandise were brought by the Dnieper, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean to Marseilles in three months, which, by the old route of the Baltic and the ocean, would have taken three years to arrive. Antoine amassed a large fortune, and in 1786 was made a Baron. One of his daughters married Marshal Suchet, Duc d'Albuféra; the other, the Admiral Duc Décrès, Napoleon's Minister of Marine. François Clary's third daughter, Julie, married Joseph Bonaparte, and was Queen of Naples and of Spain. The fourth daughter, Désirée, married Bernadotte and died Queen of Sweden. His niece—the sister of the just deceased Count François Clary—married the Prince de Wagram, son of Marshal Berthier; and since then the Clarys have become allied with the Murats, the Niels, the Turennes, the La Croix-Lavals, and other distinguished families both of the Imperialist and the Legitimist aristocracy.

Baron Hochschild has recently published a little book, 'Désirée, Reine de Suède et de Norvège' (Paris: Plon, 1888). As the author had seen much of the Queen's circle at Paris when he was a boy—his father being Swedish Minister there under the Restoration—and as he was subsequently for many years her chamberlain, he is able from her conversations and letters to tell us much that is new and interesting. Bernardine Eugénie Désirée Clary was born in 1781, and was early sent to a conventual school; but her education was arrested by the suppression of the convents, and soon after her return home her father died. She had but slight recollections of her child-life at home, except when chance brought up some incident. On one of these she liked afterwards to dwell. There came one day to her father's house a quartermaster-sergeant with a billet for quartering soldiers. As her father hated the row and disturbance which soldiers generally made, he sent him off with a letter to his colonel asking for an officer or two instead. The sergeant thus turned off was Bernadotte. In 1794, after her father's death, her elder brother was arrested. Her sister-in-law was in despair, for the Revolutionary tribunals were terribly expeditious. She resolved, therefore, to go and see the Deputy Albitte; and, not wishing to be alone, took Désirée with her. There was a crowd of people in the waiting-room, and, owing to weariness, heat, and emotion, the little girl fell asleep. When she woke up at the noise of a door being shut, she found herself in total darkness, except for a lantern shining from the adjoining room. As it turned out, her sister had hesitated to awake her when she went in to see the Deputy; and then, being in a great hurry to deliver the order for her husband's release, had left her, thinking she could easily find her way home.

"Meanwhile, I was somewhat frightened, not understanding at all my situation, when I perceived that I was no longer alone. At the movement which I made, a man, who came out of the Deputy's room, approached me, and, looking at me with surprise, asked how I came to be there all alone at that hour. When I explained to him what had happened, he reassured me about the fate of my brother, and added: 'A little lady like you cannot go alone in the streets at night, so I will walk home with you.' On the way home we talked so much that we became very good friends. As he went away, I said that my mother would certainly like to thank him herself for the care he had taken of me, and begged him to call upon her. 'Then you will present me to your family one of these days?' he said. 'With pleasure,' I replied; 'meanwhile I should like to tell them the name of the gentleman who has protected me this evening.' 'That is perfectly right—you may tell them that my name is Joseph Bonaparte.'"

The call was made the next day: Bonaparte soon became intimate with the Clary family, and before many weeks had passed was engaged to marry Désirée as soon as she should reach the age of sixteen—she being then only about thirteen. Joseph often spoke about his brother Napoleon, who had just drawn attention to himself at the siege of Toulon. When, soon after, he came to Marseilles, he was taken to see the Clarys. He was at that time full of noisy gayety and quite a good fellow.

"His arrival," Queen Désirée related, "soon brought about a change in our plans for the future. We had not known each other long when he said: 'In a good household one of the married pair ought to yield to the other. Now, Joseph, you have an undecided character, and it is the same with Désirée; while Julie and I know what we want. You would do better, then, to marry Julie; and, Désirée,' he added (taking me on his knees), 'she shall be my wife.' And that is the way that I became betrothed to Napoleon."

Joseph and Julie were married soon after; and before Napoleon's departure from Marseilles—where he had excited against himself great difficulties, and had even been called to appear before the bar of the Convention—Mme. Clary had consented to his marriage with Désirée as soon as she should be sixteen. Napoleon and Désirée at first wrote often to each other; but of this correspondence there are preserved only the drafts of some of her letters. He was taken up with his affairs at Paris, and his letters to his fiancée became less frequent, though he never wrote to Joseph without mentioning her. She had then gone with her mother to stay with Joseph, who had been charged with a Government mission at Genoa. Meanwhile, Napoleon had fallen in love with Mme. de Beauharnais, and his letters to his brother showed more indifference to his little Désirée—or his Eugénie, as he preferred to call her. At the same time he had a little pique because, in 1795, during a journey in Liguria, she, either offended by his apparent neglect or alarmed at reports of his intimacy with Mme. de Beauharnais, had for a time ceased writing to him. He asked Joseph in one letter whether one passed the river Lethe in going to Genoa; and advised him not to give the portrait which he had sent "to one who seemed to have forgotten him, unless she asked for it again." Désirée, however, was not as inconstant as Napoleon imagined. She told afterwards how much she had suffered from his abandonment of her; and her young friends, to whom she had evidently communicated her sorrows, were satisfied of the same thing. When Napoleon married Josephine, Désirée, who was only fourteen, wrote him a touching letter, such as an older person would probably not have written:

"After a year of absence, I thought I was nearly happy, and was hoping to see you again soon and become the happiest of women in marrying you. But no! your marriage has made all my felicity vanish. It is true that I was in the wrong towards you; but you would have found me again so tender, so constant, that I was daring to flatter myself that you would pardon me everything. The day of your leaving Marseilles was very painful for me; but at least I had the hope of being one day married to you. Now the only consolation that remains to me is to know that you believe in my constancy; after which I desire only death. Life is a frightful torment to me since I can no longer consecrate it to you. I wish you all sorts of happiness and prosperity in your marriage; and hope that the wife you have chosen will render you as happy as I purposed to do, and as you deserve. But in the midst of your happiness do not altogether forget Eugénie, and pity her lot."

Wounds of the heart—especially at that early age—are soon healed; but although Désirée forgave Napoleon, she always kept a little grudge against Josephine, who had taken him from her. Sixty years afterwards she says:

"For a man of genius like Napoleon to let himself be subdued by an elderly coquette of notably doubtful repute, proves him without any experience of women. Even after his second marriage, Josephine made herself talked about, and it was not without good reason that her husband required her to join him during the Italian campaign, and that on his return from Egypt he determined to separate from her."

Mme. Clary and her daughter continued to live in Genoa as long as Joseph Bonaparte remained there, and Désirée became very intimate with Mme. Faipoult, the wife of the French Minister, who had a charming salon, frequented by all well-bred French who had taken refuge in Genoa, and by many officers of the army of Italy. Here General Duphot paid court to her, but his addresses were rejected. Faipoult, who was interested in Duphot, was anxious to forward his prospects by a marriage not only brilliant from a pecuniary point of view, but on account of the relationship to Bonaparte, and succeeded in having Duphot attached to Joseph Bonaparte's embassy to Rome, besides obtaining a promise from Désirée to

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receive him politely. Duphot had meanwhile communicated to Napoleon his hopes and wishes, and the latter—doubtless desirous that his old love should marry as soon as possible—wrote to his brother: "General Duphot will deliver to you this letter. I recommend him to you as a very good fellow. He will speak to you of a marriage which he wishes to make with your sister-in-law, an alliance which I think to her advantage; he is a distinguished officer."

Whatever might have happened—and there were serious obstacles in the shape of an illegitimate child of Duphot—his death put an end to everything. The arrival of an embassy from the French Republic caused a crowd to assemble in the neighborhood of their palace and make manifestations against the Papal Government. On the evening of December 27, 1797, the Papal troops interfered and fired on the mob. Joseph Bonaparte, Duphot, and Adjutant-General Sherlock went out to stop the conflict. Duphot was simply massacred by the soldiers; the others had barely time to reënter the house. His body was afterwards recovered and brought in. Joseph Bonaparte, in describing the event to Talleyrand, says: "My wife and her sister, who was going to be next day the bride of the brave Duphot, were forcibly carried away by my secretaries and two young artists." Baron Hochschild in 1856 read aloud to Queen Désirée the correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte, and the Queen interrupted him with: "But that is not true; Joseph merely wanted to make a fine phrase. I should never have married Duphot, who did not at all please me." Désirée left Rome with Joseph Bonaparte immediately afterwards. Her stay there had been so short that she had not even had time to go to St. Peter's; and her sole recollection of Rome was the terrible scene she had witnessed from the top of the staircase of the French Embassy, when the mangled body of Duphot was brought in.

On her return to France, her beauty, her wealth, and her connection with the Bonapartes brought her numbers of admirers. One of the proposals for her hand is charmingly told. After his return from Iceland in 1856, Prince Napoleon came to Stockholm accompanied by the Duc d'Abrantès (son of Junot), who asked for a private audience of the Queen Dowager Désirée. When it was over, Hochschild found her thoughtful and dreamy. "To think," she said, "that I could have married his father! There was a time when Junot proposed to me, but he was awkward about it, and asked Marmont to do it for him. Ah! if Marmont had spoken in his own name—who knows? I should perhaps have said 'Yes'; he was so handsome."

In 1798, Bernadotte, who was then a general of division, had been Ambassador at Vienna, and was soon to be Minister of War—no longer the Sergeant Bernadotte who had knocked in vain for lodgings at the door of the Clary house at Marseilles, but who was now intimate with Joseph Bonaparte—proposed to Désirée. She did not know him well, but, as she said, "he was something different from the others I had refused, and I consented to marry him when they told me that he was a strong enough man to hold his own against Napoleon." The marriage took place on August 17, 1798. Napoleon was in Egypt, and used no influence in the matter. When he heard of it he wrote to Joseph: "I wish happiness to Désirée if she marries Bernadotte, for she deserves it."

The Bernadottes settled in Paris, and the next year their only son was born, who was afterwards known as King Oscar I. Happy, both as a wife and mother, Désirée saw Napoleon, after his return from Egypt, without embarrassment, and their relations always remained very cordial. She several times had the power of warding off his wrath from men who, he thought, opposed his plans. But Bernadotte, being a good general, had frequently to be absent; and Désirée would have passed a lonely time had she not, in addition to her child, had the society of her sister Julie. The letters of Bernadotte to his wife, written when he commanded in La Vendée, are interesting, because they show him rather as a paternal friend and counsellor—he was twenty years older—than as a husband, although there is occasionally noticeable a little marital jealousy. Bernadotte himself gave no cause to his wife to be jealous, which seems to have piqued Mme. Récamier, to whom he was apparently devoted. "Explain to me," she said one day to Mme. Bernadotte, "how it happens that whenever your husband chances to be alone with me in the woods, he always talks about politics." It is amusing, too, to find that, three years after her marriage, Mme. Bernadotte was taking music and dancing lessons, to the great delight of her husband, who was anxious to have her complete her education.

The proclamation of the Empire and the promotion of Bernadotte to be Marshal made little impression on his wife. She had seen so many extraordinary things since she was a child that everything seemed natural. So also, when he was made Prince of Pontecorvo—though she feared for a moment that it would be her duty to settle in Italy, according to the wish of a deputation from the little principality, until she was told that it was merely a title, without responsibility. When Bernadotte was sent as governor to Hanover, and afterwards to Hamburg as commander-in-chief, they were separated for a long time, but they were in constant correspondence, and she was able to keep him informed of everything going on in France. At this time she lived quietly in the hôtel which they had bought in the Rue d'Anjou St.-Honoré, and enjoyed the society of sisters, nieces, and other friends who, for political and various reasons, did not care to frequent the gayeties of the Tuileries and St. Cloud. Although her relations with Napoleon were always pleasant—he even gave her one of the three splendid fur cloaks presented to him by the Czar Alexander at the interview at Erfurt—her antipathy to the Empress Josephine and to Queen Hortense kept her from the Tuileries except on official occasions. She had parted regretfully from her sister Julie on the latter becoming Queen of Naples, but as Julie refused to follow her husband to Spain, the intercourse of the sisters was constant till 1814, when the Bonapartes were expelled from France.

After the battle of Wagram, Napoleon openly showed his dislike to Bernadotte; but a partial reconciliation was patched up, and the latter was appointed Ambassador to Rome in order to get him out of the way. Before he had started for his post, however, he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden. His wife received the news with perfect indifference; she had never interested herself about foreign countries except Italy and Spain, and would probably have been puzzled to tell where Sweden was situated. "I thought," she said, "that it was like Pontecorvo—some place of which we were merely going to take the title." She was in despair when she found that she was to go and live there and be separated from her family and friends. Nevertheless, she resigned herself, and arrived at Stockholm soon after her husband. Although she was touched by the old King's reception of her, yet she could not resist the temptation of returning to Paris, especially as none of her French ladies were willing to stay in Sweden. Bernadotte did not oppose her departure. We do not know his exact reasons: he may not have felt sure of his position in Sweden so long as the dispossessed Prince of Vasa was alive and the political relations of the Continent were unsettled; but we know that he felt sure that the Empire of Napoleon would not endure for long. He may have had some ambition to be Napoleon's successor; at all events, Bourrienne says that the Emperor Alexander gave him to understand at the interview at Abo in 1812 that the fall of Napoleon would not necessitate the return of the Bourbons, and that if Frenchmen should offer him supreme power, he could count on the assistance of Russia.

The Crown Princess, under the name of Countess of Gotland, returned to her old hôtel in Paris, which she continued to occupy for thirteen years. She received not only her old friends, but all the Swedes of distinction who passed through Paris. She was in constant correspondence with her husband, informed him of what was going on, and was on several occasions intermediary between him and French political men. Her position in 1813-14, after Bernadotte had alienated French sympathy by taking part against Napoleon, was a difficult one. The person whom she saw with most pleasure, outside of her intimate circle, was the Queen of Westphalia, "who was," she used to say, "a good-hearted woman, always ready to sacrifice herself to duty. Although our husbands were in opposite camps, she never ceased showing to me her sympathy and friendship." When, after the Restoration, Louis XVIII. had expressed a desire to be agreeable to her, she thought she might interfere in favor of her sister, the ex-Queen of Spain. But the King was inexorable.

Charles XIII. died in 1818; but the new Queen constantly saw reasons for adjourning her departure from Paris. She said one day, speaking of music: "I was playing the overture to the 'Caliph of Bagdad' when the death of the King was announced to me; since then, I have never touched my piano, thinking that when one is Queen one ought not to play badly." In 1822 she went to Aix-la-Chapelle to meet her son Oscar, who was then travelling on the Continent; it not having been considered best for him to enter France. She had not seen him for twelve years, and found him a handsome young man. The few days they passed together probably hastened her departure for Sweden. She then went to Brussels to meet her sister Julie Bonaparte, who had obtained especial permission to come there for the marriage of her daughter Zenaïde with her cousin Charles. As she wished to prolong her stay there, the Queen of Sweden wrote to Mme. de Récamier to use her influence to that end with her friend Mathieu de Montmorency, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Before returning to Paris, she went to Switzerland and stayed some time at Prangins. While there, she received the news of the betrothal of her son with the Princess Josephine de Leuchtenberg, the eldest daughter of Eugène Beauharnais. The marriage by proxy took place at Munich; and at the same time Queen Désirée left Paris so as to meet her daughter-in-law at Lubeck and arrive at Stockholm with her. Josephine was at that time barely sixteen years of age, and took with her her favorite doll.

The Queen had had every intention of returning to Paris, but the King would not allow it. Although they had been separated from each other during nearly the whole twenty-five years of their wedded life, the King had a great respect and affection for her. He was,

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however, unaccustomed to family life; and although Prince Oscar and his wife inhabited the same palace, they all had separate suites of apartments. Gradually she accustomed herself to this life of isolation, which she felt all the more on account of her ignorance of Swedish, and of the lack of French society. A southerner of southerners, she could not find the persons who surrounded her sufficiently sympathetic; and her great resource was to think and talk of her dear Paris, where her hôtel stood ready to receive her at any moment. The birth of numerous grandchildren gradually filled the void of her life; but once, after the death of her husband, she actually started to return to Paris on a frigate commanded by her grandson the Duke of Ostragothia, the present King Oscar. But, after getting a few leagues from Carlscrona, she felt herself unable to leave her land of adoption and returned. She afterwards pretended that this was only due to sea-sickness. Although she knew that she never should see Paris again, she became much alarmed by the plans of Baron Haussmann for the embellishment of the city. She could not bear the thought that the house where she had spent the pleasantest years of her life should be demolished. The Emperor Napoleon, hearing of her anxiety from his Minister at Stockholm, gave orders that her house should be respected until her death. This occurred peacefully and quietly on December 17, 1860, after she had already seen her grandson crowned King of Sweden. E. S.

Correspondence.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVICTS AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your comments on my reply to your article, "Negro Convicts in South Carolina," after remarking that no one should "be sent to prison for even five years for stealing ten pounds of flour or a suit of clothes," you ask, "Can our correspondent point to the case of any white man receiving such a punishment?"

In answer to this inquiry, I send you, enclosed, a brief statement of such cases, given me by the Superintendent of the Penitentiary of this State. Among these cases I call your special attention to three: (1) John G. Jackson is sentenced to the Penitentiary for life for burglary, although in the act of burglary he succeeds in stealing nothing but a fiddle; (2) Thomas Cullen receives the same punishment for the same offence, though he succeeds in stealing only a pair of pants and $27; (3) P. B. Chappell, for stealing grain not yet severed from the freehold, is sentenced to one year's imprisonment. He is "said to have stolen twelve ears of corn from his own land which he had rented out to a colored man."

These, and all the cases given in the Superintendent's letter, are white men, and go to show that white men suffer the penalties of the severe laws against burglary and arson as well as the negroes. Whether these laws are too severe, I will not undertake to say; that question is foreign to my present purpose. Each State, in the light of its own experiences, will have to settle such questions for itself. South Carolina, for example, has very rigid laws governing the marriage relation—laws so severe that it is certain no Northern State would put up with them. We are "amenable to outside criticism of a disinterested and friendly kind." Unfortunately, not very much of this sort of criticism comes to us from the North; and even when it is of this character, it so often utterly ignores the conditions under which we live, that it is of no practical worth to us.

My remark about the gradual diminution of crime had reference only to the period between 1876 and 1883, as you will see by referring to my article. My object was to show why, in the latter year, the laws were relaxed and the punishment mitigated. But since about that time, crime seems to have increased—whether in consequence of such relaxation and mitigation I do not know. Certainly "the matter deserves further investigation." Such "further investigation" might reveal the fact that the punishments inflicted have no great terrors for the negroes. It might be discovered that a little Delaware justice (the whipping-post) would be more effectual than imprisonment in the Penitentiary. It is certain that some negroes have committed crimes *in order to* go to prison, where they might be fed and clothed without care to themselves, and might be relieved of the responsibility of providing food and clothing for their wives and children.

And there are other things that deserve "further investigation." Among these is the fact that insanity is increasing among the negroes, the increase in insanity being almost parallel with the increase in crime. There is no lack of phenomena in this race that "deserve investigation," and we welcome all investigation and criticism, "of a disinterested and friendly kind," that will enable us to do what is best for the collective interests of the people of our State.—Very respectfully,

W. J. Alexander.

University of South Carolina, April 24, 1889.

HIGH LICENSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of the *Nation* for April 25, you say, in reference to the operation of the so-called high-license law of Pennsylvania, "The single fact that there are in a city like Pittsburgh eleven wards almost entirely without a liquor saloon, is of itself an unanswerable argument in favor of the high-license principle as an effective agency for restricting the liquor traffic." This statement unless explained is calculated to create a false impression, and do not a little harm at the present time, when the merits of high license and prohibition are being contrasted in so many minds.

The Brooks law of Pennsylvania is not called a high-license law, and does not diminish the saloons upon "the high-license principle." The amount of the license fee is comparatively low, being $500, as compared with $1,000 and $1,200 in certain Western States. The amount of the license fee does not in the least degree act as a check to the increase of the saloons in Pennsylvania. The notable decrease of saloons in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh is due to the operation of certain prohibitory features engrafted in the law. The chief of these is the discretionary power given to the judges to refuse a license to a man even when he is able and willing to pay the license fee. The judges in Philadelphia are hearing the applications for licenses at the present time, and a far greater number of applications are being made than there is any prospect of their granting. It seems evident, then, that this diminution of the saloons of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh cannot be said to be "an unanswerable argument in favor of the high-license principle," when the law is not known in its title as a high-license law, when, as a matter of fact, it does not call for a high-license fee, and when, also, it is apparent that the amount of the fee has nothing to do with the diminishing of the saloons.

It could be shown that in other portions of Pennsylvania this same Brooks law has, in the hands of judges who favored the liquor interests, actually increased the number of the saloons; and it could be further shown that in Nebraska, where the license fee is twice as large as in Pennsylvania, the saloons have flourished under it, and grown to be a controlling influence in certain portions of the State. My contention at present, however, is, that the operation of the Brooks law in Pennsylvania cannot be fairly quoted as an argument in favor of high license.

I trust that you will give to this letter the same publicity that was given to the statement that called it forth.—Yours respectfully,

Alex. Henry.

Frankford, Pa., April 25, 1889.

THE THREE-MILE LIMIT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comment of "R.," of Halifax, on my little paper on the so-called three-mile limit caused that natural and proper sense of mortification when one has ventured to be a teacher, however humbly, and finds he was entirely ignorant. On reading the comment, and assuming the quotations correct, I saw their inconsistency with the passage I had quoted. I knew there could be none, and that it was my incapacity to harmonize them. It would never occur to me in the height of my presumption to question the correctness of such men as Sir Alexander Cockburn as a lawyer because I cannot understand him. To men of the class of Eldon, Kingsdown, Wensleydale, and Cockburn, etc., I bow as a devout Catholic before an inscrutable dogma. My experience is that ultimately I am rewarded by the full fruition of understanding. I have meditated for twenty years over one of these men's sayings before I fully appreciated their profound meaning.

Judge, then, of my gratification at finding that the excerpts establish my position, if read as I read them, and as I am quite confident they should be read.

Sir Robert Philimore's remark, p. 81 (2 Ex. Div.) refers to the neutral zone of three miles about which no one ever questioned. It is a limit within which warlike operations are forbidden because of the risk to the neighboring land and its inhabitants.

The quotation from Sir Alexander, p. 205, is a statement not of the law as it is, but of what it *would be* if there was the jurisdiction assumed by "R.," but which Sir Alexander is then denying. This is perfectly clear if the context is looked at. He is explaining why the arrangements about fishermen have always been made by treaty—because it is proper that there should be such a power to regulate, *but there is none*, and hence the treaty.

The citation from 208 is odd if "R." be a lawyer, whether English or American. The Chief Justice says no more than, If Parliament sees fit to legislate, of course we the judges will obey. He is referring then to the English doctrine of the omnipotence of Parliament. And please observe, the point under discussion was the intention of the law. Could it be supposed that the criminal law of England governed a foreigner in a foreign ship, because she was within three miles of the coast? He was pointing out that Parliament might so enact, and if it did, the courts must obey—for it was for Parliament, and not the courts, to say whether England would enact a law that would give a just cause of war to Germany.

I think any one who will reflect must see (which was my point) that the existence or non-existence of the criminal law of a country at a particlar place depends entirely and absolutely

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on jurisdiction—and C.-J. Marshall has said *this is of necessity exclusive.* R. C. W.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27, 1889.

MR. PEARSON'S TREATMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You speak of the minuteness of your article on Henry G. Pearson in the *Nation* of this date. Forgive me for saying it is not nearly minute enough, because it fails to set forth in detail the manner in which "he was left to struggle and perish." Pray resume the subject, and tell us all you know about it, for you will thus render a service not only to your immediate readers, but to the whole country that is still waiting to be trained in civil-service reform. SAMUEL ELIOT.

BOSTON, April 25, 1889.

[Our knowledge of Mr. Pearson's trials was in large part communicated to us orally by himself. To reproduce them in detail would require access to his correspondence, official and private. Even if we had this now, it would hardly do to anticipate the memorial of his life and services which we trust his family will some day give to the public. It is a duty which we hope his father-in-law, Mr. James, and his widow will not neglect. —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A SECOND series of papers by Sir John Lubbock, entitled 'Pleasures of Life,' and a new volume, 'London Life, and Other Stories,' by Henry James, will be published directly by Macmillan & Co.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have ready for immediate publication 'The Beginnings of New England: The Puritan Theocracy in its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty,' by John Fiske; 'Washington as a Statesman,' in two volumes of the "American Statesmen" series, by Henry Cabot Lodge; and 'The Cup of Youth,' a new volume of poems by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish the life of C. B. Vignoles, an English civil engineer who was assistant surveyor in South Carolina in 1817–20, and who surveyed and mapped Florida a little later. He aided Ericsson in building the *Novelty* as a rival to Stephenson's *Rocket*, and he became one of the foremost of English railway engineers.

Ginn & Co. have in preparation for their "Classics for Children" series 'Heroic Ballads and Poems,' and 'The Two Great Retreats of History,' viz., Xenophon's (in Grote's narrative) and Napoleon's from Moscow (as related by the Comte de Ségur).

Our countryman, Dr. L. H. Mills, 19 Norham Road, Oxford, England, is to issue by subscription his work on the Gâthas of Zoroaster, during the present year or early in 1890. The price of the book, delivered in the United States or Canada, is $7.50.

A new 'Deutsches Wörterbuch,' by Prof. Moriz Heyne, in three volumes, is about to be issued by S. Hirzel, Leipzig (New York: F. W. Christern). It will be more handy and less discursive than Grimm or Sanders, and proposes to itself to fill the place of Webster in English lexicography. It has been ten years in preparation.

Alphonse Daudet's 'Recollections of a Literary Man' ('Souvenirs d'un Homme des Lettres'), translated by Laura Ensor, and published by George Routledge & Sons, is a collection of pieces of which, we think, none are new, and most are from ten to twenty years old. There are sketches of Ollivier and Gambetta, both very slight, and of various actors and actresses, still slighter in texture; some account of the genesis of 'Numa Roumestan' and 'Les Rois en Exil'; some war sketches; and an account of a morning reading at Edmond de Goncourt's, which is much the best thing in the book. But there is nothing in it that seems to us nearly so good as the best parts of 'Trente ans de Paris,' and especially nothing to approach the immortal history of that first dress-coat. Nevertheless, the reader is permitted to see, even in this volume, some of those traits of Alphonse Daudet which have made him to be loved by his friends even more than he is admired.

Under the punning title of 'La Divine Comédie . . . Française,' M. Maxime Boucheron has recently published (Paris: Librairie Illustrée; New York: F. W. Christern) a lively little book about the Théâtre-Français, its organization and its artists. It is gossip set down by a writer not without the critical faculty; and it has scattered through its pages a host of amusing little cuts, most of them with a taste of not unkindly caricature.

'In Memory of John McCullough' is the title of a thin volume recently printed by the De Vinne Press in an edition of 500 copies. It contains a sketch of the actor's career and character by Mr. William Winter, who contributes also two poems. The funeral oration of Mr. Harry Edwards, the address of Mr. W. F. Johnson, and the oration of Mr. Steele Mackaye at the dedication of the monument are also included. There is a photogravure from life for a frontispiece. Altogether, the volume is a worthy and dignified memorial of an actor of high ambition and strenuous endeavor.

A very neatly printed volume contains five 'Short Comedies for Amateur Players,' adapted and arranged by Mrs. Burton Harrison (De Witt Publishing House). It is to be regretted that the titles of the French originals are never given, and the names of the French authors only once. The proof of the amateur play is in the acting; and these little pieces have been repeatedly performed by the amateur players of New York and elsewhere. Quite the best of them is "Weeping Wives." As there has been no attempt to localize its story, the duel which unties the knot at the end of the play is quite natural, while that supposed to take place in New York in "Tea at Four o'Clock" is not.

Mr. Charles Thomas Jacobi has followed his 'Printer's Handbook' with 'The Printer's Vocabulary' (London: The Chiswick Press), which he declares to be a collection of some 2,500 technical terms mostly relating to letter-press printing, "many of which have been in use since the time of Caxton." Mr. Jacobi's book lacks the pleasant literary flavor of M. Boutmy's 'Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte Typographique,' and it is British and insular to the last degree. We find, for example, the absurd word *forme*, which seems to be the new-fangled English fashion of spelling *form*. We understand that Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne has revised and set in order the printer's vocabulary for the new 'Century Dictionary.'

That there is not honor among thieves is well known, and it is equally indisputable that piracy leads to cutthroat competition. The latest instance of this is to be seen in England, where the shilling reprint of 'John Ward, Preacher,' issued by F. Warne & Co., has been followed up by a sixpenny reprint issued by Ward, Lock & Tyler. As a rule, the British pirate, if less numerous than his American fellow-craftsmen, is also less scrupulous; but Messrs. Warne & Co. followed an American precedent, and acknowledged the author's moral rights, by sending a check to Mrs. Deland, who promptly forwarded it to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., the authorized English publishers of 'John Ward, Preacher,' requesting that they send it back at once to Warne & Co.

It is several years since we noticed among the American novels of the day 'Divorce,' by Margaret Lee. A new edition of it comes to us from Frank F. Lovell & Co., and is accounted for by a laudatory notice of it by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* for February last. Mr. Gladstone even prompted an English edition. Nothing is more curious than the rôle which European statesmen now play as promoters of the fortunes of books—Mr. Gladstone in particular, and Bismarck also, as in the case of the 'Buchholz Family.' We have in vain asked ourselves what American statesman could send people in shoals to the circulating library for a work of fiction, or would be thought a competent critic in belles-lettres. By this remark we intend nothing disparaging. We remember once to have had our literary censure controverted by a Philadelphian, on the ground of the favorable opinion entertained of the book in question by the late Mr. Horace Binney. This seemed to us then a note of provincialism, the book not being in the line in which Mr. Binney had won a very enviable distinction.

The only fault we have to find with the guide-book called 'The New Jersey Coast and Pines' (Short Hills, N. J.: Gustav Kobbé) is, that it stops short, so far as the coast is concerned, with Atlantic City, leaving the reach from that point to Cape May without a chronicle. But this lower portion is rather in the province of Philadelphia than of New York, Mr. Kobbé's point of departure. The little book has been carefully prepared from personal visitation and from historical research, and is very interesting reading. Its road-maps are based on the great Atlas of the State Geological Survey. There are a number of "process" illustrations, which we could wish the success of the guide-book might some day replace with photographic views. In fact, an interleaved edition, to accommodate local scenes caught by amateurs with the camera, would, we think, prove to be very taking.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s 'Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe' anticipates its twentieth edition by a fresh rewriting and resetting in smaller type, so that a good deal more matter is contained in about the same number of pages as heretofore. It has cover-pocket maps of London and the British Isles, besides folding maps of Paris, Switzerland, Holland, etc., stitched in.

Prof. J. H. Chapin's 'From Japan to Granada' (Putnams), a collection of notes made in a tour round the world, seems to have been suggested as much by the author's previous reading as by his actual view of the places described, except in the frequent references to the geological phenomena of the countries visited. It lacks that outdoor freshness which ought by nature to belong to a traveller's sketches. The threshing of old straw continues through three hundred and twenty-five pages, and pitiful indeed is the grain to be garnered at the end. The heavy and monotonous pages are seldom relieved even by a quotation. Still, the author insists that his book is "not intended in any sense as a substitute for the guide-book." In the title-chapter on Japan, despite the voluminous library containing fairly accurate information which the author

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might have consulted while correcting proofs, as he certainly read widely and uncritically before writing himself, we find a swarm of errors. Fugiyama, Yeddo, Yezzo, *hari-kari*, Keigé, instead of Fujiyama, Yedo, Yezo, harakiri, Keiki, are bad enough, as is *habisha* for *hibachi*. Concerning the death of Mr. Richardson, an Englishman, whom Prof. Chapin speaks of as "an American citizen," the facts are better known than he imagines, as a dozen volumes will testify. The story told about the pony on page 43 shows how easily travellers are taken in by local guides, especially when pullers of *jin-riki-sha* act as ciceroni. A chance bit of geological information will here and there reward "the kind reader," to whom the author bids farewell from the Washington Irving hotel in Granada, on his closing page.

Dr. J. S. Sterrett sends us the 'Leaflets from the Notebook of an Archæological Traveller in Asia Minor,' published as a pamphlet by the University of Texas. They are jottings of the experiences of himself and others in getting at and transcribing inscriptions in the land of the "unspeakable Turk," extremely interesting in themselves, and told in a manner that well sets forth the romantic side of archæological field work.

The centenary of the Republic, now being celebrated in this city, is attested by a number of publications on our table, beginning with the Catalogue of the Loan Collection of Portraits, Relics, and Silverware at the Metropolitan Opera-house—a surprisingly large exhibit, particularly in the line of Washington portraits. The "Nugget Series" of the Messrs. Putnam makes a pretty volume, in large print, of the Declaration, the Constitution, Washington's inaugurals and Farewell Address, Lincoln's inaugurals and Gettysburg Address, an appendix by Paul Leicester Ford, and an index to the Constitution. The portraits of the two Presidents do not enhance the attractiveness of the setting of these 'Ideals of the Republic,' as the publishers choose to call the collection. Mr. Frederick Saunders of the Astor Library has issued 'The Washington Centennial Souvenir' (Thomas Whittaker), a "little garland of graceful and enthusiastic utterances of eminent personages from all nationalities, in honor of the Founder of the Republic." It is a good-sized string of his own, however, with which Mr. Saunders connects other men's posies. The pamphlet is illustrated in a quaint way. Mr. Benson J. Lossing prolongs his 'Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution' in 'Hours with the Living Men and Women of the Revolution' (Funk & Wagnalls)—an illustrated pilgrimage of forty years ago. The last chapter is on Alexander Anderson, the father of American wood-engraving. 'Uncle Sam's Diary of a Hundred Years' (A. M. Ernsberger) is a somewhat crude pocket medley of history and statistics, which celebrates all the Presidents and ladies of the White House with portraits, gives an account of the several administrations, borrows a map or two from the Census of 1880, serves as a guide to New York, etc., etc.

The *Albertype Co., 58 Reade St.*, send us the most appropriate souvenir of the centenary fête of the present week—a very large albertype print of Ward's statue of Washington before the Sub-Treasury on Wall St. The view is directly in front, showing most clearly the pedestal with its inscription, the image (nine and a half inches high), and the flanking columns of the portico.

Sun and Shade for April (Photo-Gravure Co.) is invested with a sad interest by reason of its views of the three American men-of-war lost at Samoa. For the rest, this monthly issue has the usual variety of photographic prints, including a Washington portrait, to be in the fashion.

The Ethnography of Macedonia and Old Servia is the subject of a paper in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for March, illustrated by a map so colored as to show the position and extent of the various nationalities. It is the result of investigations made for the purpose of demonstrating the injustice of the claims of Servia upon this territory. To the writer's great surprise, he found that "the majority of the Slavs inhabiting Macedonia are not of Bulgarian but of Servian descent." His proofs are drawn from an examination of their language, customs, dress, songs, history, and origin. He estimates the whole population at nearly three millions, of whom almost two-thirds are Serbs, while the Bulgars number only 176,200 and the Greeks 171,200. Other interesting statistics are given as to the religion and political proclivities of the people, the Turkish party far outnumbering the aggregate of the others, and the Greek coming next in importance. This is followed by an interesting description of an ascent of Kilima-njaro by Otto E. Ehlers in November, 1888. The greater part of the way he was accompanied by an American naturalist, Dr. Abbott, who was hunting and collecting in the region at the base of the mountain. Herr Ehlers with great difficulty climbed to the top of the ice-wall upon the summit, but could discover no signs of a crater. At a height of over 15,000 feet he found traces of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes in the snow. At this same elevation was the last vegetation, a species of everlasting (*Strohblume*).

The most interesting paper in the April Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society is on Formosa, by Mr. Geo. Taylor of the Chinese Customs Service, in which he has gathered an unusual amount of information on the customs and folk-lore of the aboriginal inhabitants, whom he divides into four races. The earliest settlers, the Paiwans, have retired to the inaccessible mountains of the interior. They are inveterate head-hunters, some tribes using the heads "as public offerings at seed-time and harvest, and yet others bury the heads, erecting over each a small stone tablet. Each year a counting of tablets takes place, and the village possessing the most is awarded a handsome prize." They, in common with the other aborigines, have the same custom which prevails in parts of Central Africa, of keeping in one large house the youths of the village from the time they attain puberty until married. If their quarrels, which arise on the slightest provocation, interfere with their agricultural work or their fishing, they "appoint a day and place and fight a pitched battle. About nightfall each side counts its killed and wounded, and the one that has the most declares itself vanquished and indemnifies the victors. Amicable intercourse follows, and the matter is considered at an end." A folk-lore story of a land-crab and a monkey, who assume human shapes in order to court a village girl, told by Mr. Taylor, is characterized by the same humor as those of our Southern negroes. The greater part of the original inhabitants are fast amalgamating with the Chinese and are losing their distinctive traits, even rivalling their conquerors in astuteness. "The Chinese have a proverb to the effect that, when the savages take to wearing trousers, there is no opening left for a Chinaman."

Miss Hapgood, writing from St. Petersburg under date of April 9, reminds us that the extract from Tolstoi recently taken by us from the *Week* (*Nedyéla*) is not new, but may be read in that author's 'Life' published here in her translation about a year ago. The thing to be noticed is, that 'Life' is officially interdicted in Russia, yet extracts from it are allowed to appear in the *Week*, and eventually subscribers to that journal will get nearly the whole book.

The American Library Association will hold its annual meeting at St. Louis on May 8–11, the Southern Hotel being headquarters. A river excursion to New Orleans is on the post-conference programme, with a return by way of Mobile, Atlanta, Nashville, the Mammoth Cave, and Cincinnati.

—Historical students will welcome a new and revised edition of President C. K. Adams's 'Manual of Historical Literature' (Harper & Bros.), which has been out of print for some time. The revision has consisted in bringing up to date the bibliographical details of works previously mentioned, in adding to the main lists, in revising the critical comments, and particularly in adding to the different sections name-lists containing some eight hundred titles of recent works. An examination of the new edition reveals that this last is its most valuable feature, and students are thereby placed under renewed obligations to the author. As is perhaps inevitable in a work of such detail, not all the new nor the best editions are mentioned, and some errors still remain in the critical comments. Michelet is still described as a "monarchist and a Roman Catholic," which would have made him "stare and gasp." We had hoped to see the unworthy fling at Von Holst omitted from future editions, but it still remains as a mortification to all Americans who appreciate the German scholar's services to American history. We feel sure that Dr. Adams does not realize how it sounds. A somewhat fuller treatment of the History of Israel and of the Eastern Question would be desirable. To the works on the former should be added, at least, Wellhausen's 'Prolegomena,' Kittel's 'Geschichte der Hebräer,' and Schrader's 'Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament,' and either Hausrath or Schürer on the New Testament times. On the Eastern Question we miss Laveleye's 'Balkan Peninsula' and Minchin's 'Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula.' On French literature, Saintsbury is not mentioned. Probyn's 'Italy from 1815-78' should have been included. But the most puzzling omission is that of Prof. Tuttle's 'History of Prussia,' a work issuing from Cornell itself. In the classification, Creighton's 'History of the Papacy' should be under Italian, and not English history. Under recent works of importance on Spain is the entry: "B. de Sahagun's Histoire Générale des Choses de la Nouvelle Espagne, Paris, 1800 [read 1880], a work of originality and ability"—an instance in which Dr. Adams has probably relied on some undiscriminating assistant. Two pages before this, it seemed incongruous to find: "Crawfurd's Portugal is a recent book, combining description and history in an agreeable manner. Cervantes's view of Spanish manners has the high endorsement of Prescott." In works of this kind it is the hard fortune of the author to be exposed to error almost in proportion to the efforts he makes to be helpful. The more titles he gives, the more particulars about the works, the greater are the opportunities for slight errors to creep in. Consequently, such works should be judged by what they give us more than by what they fail to supply. Judged by this standard, President Adams's Manual deserves a renewed and even more grateful reception from students of history.

—In the work of the societies for the prosecution of psychical research, the study of fraud and of self-illusion proceeds *pari passu* with

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the study of the manifestation of mysterious forces. Now one and now the other seems to get the upper hand. The best evidence that the English society had for the existence of thought-transference came from certain daughters of a clergyman, and a servant-girl in the same family, who have since been found out to be plain impostors. As Professor Newcomb pointed out at the time, it was so improbable as to amount to an absolute impossibility that a power rare enough to have been detected not a dozen times in all should have descended upon the children *and the servant-girl* of a single family. But if the daughters of a clergyman can be so wicked as this, what confidence can one place in clergymen even? Is not any degree of unexpectedness in lying a far less extraordinary circumstance than would be the truth of telepathy? And, more than this, if simple girls can successfully deceive these investigators, how can one believe that the investigators are possessed of those rare powers of thought and of intuition combined which are essential to the detection of intricate cases of fraud? The President of the English Society, Professor Sidgwick, says, in his last address, that the special point of their investigation has been the care with which unconscious signalling has been excluded; but it looks as if that care were not yet quite sufficiently rigorous.

—It is nearly fatal to the rather strong evidence in favor of telepathic hallucinations at the moment of death, that evidence almost as strong has been collected in favor of premonitions. For to believe that one can receive intimation in a dream of an event that is to happen five years hence, is to throw away in a moment all the knowledge of nature that has been painfully acquired by the generations that have preceded us. But if these queer tales (which are admirably commented upon by Mrs. Sidgwick, in her report on the Evidence for Premonitions) are all capable of being explained by coincidence and illusions of memory, then these same hypotheses, by putting a little harder strain upon them, may suffice to account for the other cases also. One thing which is greatly in need of explanation is the fact that the existence of the Society seems to be causing the extinction of death-wraiths. Professor Sidgwick himself considers that the Society has now reached a crisis in its history; it was hoped that the publication of 'Phantasms of the Living' would result in securing a good number of fresh cases of spontaneous telepathy recorded in writing at the moment of their occurrence, and hence before there could be any knowledge of their appositeness. But such cases have not been forthcoming, and, "as time goes on, the absence of such evidence will constitute an argument of continually increasing strength against" the Society's conclusions. It is plain that a single case of an absolutely unimpeachable kind would be worth more than the volumes that have been published of evidence that is a little less than convincing. There is no kind or degree of illusion that the best of us may not at any moment be subject to, and the only thing that is impossible is that two people in different places should have the same illusion at the same moment. If the committee could obtain two written accounts of a single scene, one by a person who was present and one by a person who saw it telepathically, and if these accounts should be found to resemble each other closely—and if in addition it was absolutely certain that they were written without collusion—then, indeed, the question of telepathy would be put upon a different footing. What mystic is preparing himself to furnish the Society with this much-longed-for evidence?

—Early in the month of March, Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz, the eminent director of the Hôpital Cochin, read before the Board of Health of the Department of the Seine his yearly report upon cases of hydrophobia occurring in the department during the year 1888. This report has since been published in the *Bulletin Médical*, and contains much interesting information and many statistics. It appears that nineteen persons died last year of rabies in the Department of the Seine. This number is relatively considerable if it be compared with the figure for the years 1880, 1883, 1884, and 1885, in each of which there were only three such deaths. But it is, on the other hand, a shadow less than the figures for 1881 and 1886, which are twenty-one and twenty-two respectively. Of the deaths in 1888 four were due to bites of cats, and sixteen to bites of dogs. In two of the cases there was, strictly speaking, no bite at all, the virus being conveyed by the tongue of the animal in licking. The period of incubation of the disease was in these nineteen cases from twenty-five to forty days. The longest of these is a much less period than has sometimes been observed, since incubation has been known to last 139, 143, and even 245 days. Of the reasons why these periods vary, nothing is certainly known. It is probable, however, that their duration may depend upon the number of wounds received, and the quantity of the virus, and also, perhaps, upon the situation of the wounds. Contrary to what is generally thought, the diagnosis of rabies is not a simple matter. In four out of the nineteen cases the doctors went entirely wrong. In one case the disease was held to be tetanus; in three others, angina, diabetes, and delirium tremens.

—The last half of M. Dujardin-Beaumetz's report is devoted to a consideration of the treatment of rabies by the method of M. Pasteur. In the year before last, 1887, there were 306 persons reported in Paris as bitten. Out of this number the madness of the biting animal was demonstrated by experiment, or testified to by veterinaries, in 263 cases. Out of the 306 cases three only were fatal. That puts the mortality at .97 for each 100, if all the cases are included; or at 1.14 for each 100 if only the cases in which the biting animal was surely mad be taken. The above 306 cases were treated by Pasteur's method. There were also reported during the same year 47 cases of persons bitten who did not receive treatment by inoculation. Out of these seven died. So that, in round numbers, it may be said that M. Pasteur can show a death-rate of only one in 100 among his patients as against a death-rate of sixteen in 100 of those treated by the old methods. The figures for last year, 1888, tell almost exactly the same story. During the year 385 persons were treated at the Institut Pasteur. In 105 of these cases the madness of the biting animal was demonstrated; in 231 it was testified to; while in regard of 49 there was no information. Out of these 385 persons 4 died, which equals 1.04 per cent of the whole number bitten, or 1.19 per cent. of those bitten by animals that were surely mad. During the same year 105 cases were reported of persons who did not receive inoculation. Of these 14, or 13.3 per cent., died. In reference to this death-rate among those not inoculated, it is interesting to note that it closely agrees with the rate of mortality in rabies—14 to 16 per cent.—set by Bronardel and Leblanc before the method of M. Pasteur came into use. It may also be noted that severe cases of wounds by biting are more likely to be taken to the Institut and slighter ones neglected. On the whole, then, it is to be said that any person who has been bitten by a mad animal has many more chances for his life if he submits to the treatment of M. Pasteur than if he neglects it.

—M. Dujardin-Beaumetz ends his report by recommending a measure of precaution. The number of rabid animals reported in Paris increases every year. It has grown by a regular and large increment each year from 182 in 1883 to 863 in 1888. Even these figures are much within the actual number, for many such animals escape, or are not noticed and reported. The number of persons bitten is, of course, in direct proportion to the number of rabid animals, and this naturally suggests restriction of such animals as are most liable to madness from going at large. Last year, on the 8th of June, an order was published forbidding for the space of six weeks dogs to appear in the streets of Paris unless they were held in leash. The effect of this order was immediately apparent. Cases of rabies diminished in number so rapidly that for a while the Institut Pasteur almost found its occupation gone. This order was kept in force till the 1st of November, but was not thereafter renewed. Almost at once the old condition of things came back again. M. Dujardin-Beaumetz urges that this, or some more stringent regulation, shall be again put in force, and points out that in Berlin, where rigorous and persistent measures to stamp out the disease have been taken, rabies has almost, or quite, disappeared from the mortuary lists.

—The black and yellow fogs which are commonly associated with the weather of London and some other English towns have been made the subject of considerable investigation during the last few years. It is now known that these are largely the result of smoke; the black or darker variety being almost entirely so, according to the dictum of Sir Douglas Galton. Those on this side of the Atlantic who look upon London as an exceptionally healthy city —as perhaps the healthiest large town in the world—will probably be surprised to learn that these fogs are highly deleterious to health, and that the death-rate in the towns rapidly increases during the season of their prevalence. But this fact is rendered intelligible when account is taken of the quantity of carbonic acid that is thrown into the atmosphere—and retained there during heavy weather—as the result of soot-combustion. Dr. W. J. Russell found a few years ago that on a single day this quantity had increased to more than three and a half times the average amount present in the atmosphere. The question naturally suggests itself, How healthy would London be without the fogs, or to what extent is the mortality-rate diminished by special habits of its citizens? In an interesting paper recently published by Mr. Hargreaves Raffles, the author gives some curious statistical facts regarding the London fogs. It was found that during the 152 days which were comprised in the months of November and December, 1887, and January, February, and March, 1888, neither Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, nor St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, was once seen from Primrose Hill, although the distance of removal was only two and three miles respectively. The same was true of the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament, the Scotch Church, Regent's Square, and St. Paul's Cathedral, along other lines of vision, at distances of three, one and three-quarters, and three and a quarter miles respectively. On nine days included within the same period objects were not visible at a distance of over one hundred yards, while on four days the limit of vision was fixed

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at five yards. The records of the Gas Light and Coke Company show that between the 16th and 24th of November, 1887, not less than 710,251,000 cubic feet of gas, representing the carbonization of 71,000 tons of coal, were distributed, for which the public paid at the rate of £490 per hour.

PROFIT-SHARING.

Profit-Sharing between Employer and Employee: A Study in the Evolution of the Wages System. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

Mr. Gilman has done a very good turn, both to workmen and employers, by putting into a compact and very readable form the results, up to the present, of the experiments made in various countries in the matter of sharing profits with laborers as an addition to their wages. The information he furnishes has hitherto been scattered through a considerable number of books and periodicals, most of them in French or German, and not readily accessible to the general reader. He shows the extent to which profit-sharing has been tried in agriculture, in fisheries, and in a great many other industries, and summarizes the whole in a very interesting table. From this it appears that it has been tried and has failed, or has for some reason been discontinued, in thirty-six cases in various kinds of industry. On the other hand, it has been tried, and is now in more or less successful operation, in 137 cases in this and other countries. Of course, in nearly every case of success there is a different mode, as well as different rate of division, but the object aimed at and the results attained are very much the same. A share in the profits in addition to wages results, on Mr. Gilman's showing, wherever the system has succeeded, in securing greater diligence and fidelity and economy on the part of the workmen, and consequently a larger quantity or better quality of the product, and, what is of more value than anything else, a friendlier feeling on the part of the employed towards the employer, and a more complete identification of their interests.

The causes assigned for the thirty-six failures are instructive. In twenty-five cases the failure was due to some sort of shortcoming or misconduct on the part of the men. Either the payment of the bonus failed to increase the quantity or improve the quality of the product, or it failed to improve the relations of the employers and the workmen, or was, after trial, despised and rejected by the workmen, or produced on their part undue interference with the conduct of the business. Corresponding explanations with regard to the successful cases Mr. Gilman does not give, but the stress he lays all through the book on the importance of faith and good-will and humanity on the part of the employer, points to the conclusion that in most if not all of these cases there has been in the concern some man of great force of character, and of dominating importance to the business, who has in a measure imposed the system on his partners and on the workmen, and has watched the working of the experiment with something like paternal interest. Even under these conditions, however, as Mr. Gilman admits, complete success is hardly attainable without a high degree of responsive intelligence on the part of the workmen. In a curious exhortation which he addresses at the close to employers and employed respectively, he recommends the system only in part on business grounds. He advises employers to try it, because it will give them better profits, but also because, in trying it, "they will be doing a man's part towards a rational solution of existing troubles," and because, if they succeed, it will give them, besides profits, "the consciousness of having helped mankind nearer to the kingdom of God." He urges newspaper editors to take the matter up, because "the facts and arguments of profit-sharing have a novelty, interest, and value which entitle them to the widest dissemination and discussion." He appeals to the clergy of all denominations to preach profit-sharing, as a means of procuring "industrial peace," and abating class selfishness, and "socializing Christianity."

Mr. Gilman is very careful to guard himself against the charge of formally offering profit-sharing as a solution of the "labor problem"; and yet it is easy to see that he has not rid his own mind of the notion that it is in this way the discontent of the laboring class is to be met. He says: "The wages of the laboring class have undoubtedly risen steadily within the last fifty years, but they have not kept pace with the demands, just or unjust, of those who have labor to sell. The constant cry is for higher wages and fewer hours of work." This is all true, but the force of the observation lies in the application of it. It is quite evident that he reminds us of this with the view of showing that profit-sharing is one way out of the difficulty. There is no doubt that it is an excellent thing for both employers and employees to try, and for clergymen to preach, and that a general determination to try it would have an ameliorating effect on the condition of a certain number of laborers. But to suppose that it would solve "the labor problem" is to mistake the nature of the labor problem.

The labor problem is now, and has always been, not how to reconcile labor and capital, but how to make the earth support its rapidly growing population—a population which everywhere closely follows up all improvements in the means of production, and follows them up with increased demands in the way of comfort. No way of dividing the product will ever greatly, or for any great length of time, produce content as long as new-comers are constantly pressing for a share, not on the best possible terms, but on any terms. No matter how many laborers you cover with profit-sharing, there is soon a very large body without the gates who start the labor problem afresh, and are eager to have it solved at once, so far as they are concerned—not in the way that will most hasten the Kingdom of God, but in the way which will most speedily put them in possession of food and clothing; and that way is the receipt of fixed wages. If laborers were a fixed, or even a slowly increasing quantity, there would, with no improved powers of production, be but little difficulty in satisfying even their unreasonable desires. What makes all the industrial trouble is, that wherever they collect in masses, their number soon surpasses the demand for them, and if some are maintained in a high degree of comfort, others must live in a corresponding degree of penury. This is the labor problem in London, in Paris, in New York, in Chicago, and in every place else in which there is much writing or preaching about it. Coöperation and profit-sharing are both devices simply for putting a small minority of the laborers, of unusual intelligence and self-restraint, into the category of capitalists. They do not provide for the surplus of labor which is sure to flow to every place in which large masses of capital have accumulated and are seeking investment.

Nor does Mr. Gilman take into sufficient account the fact, which he does not conceal, that his examples of successful profit-sharing are all drawn from prosperous concerns, while the truth is, that the majority of concerns are not prosperous. It has been said that ninety-five per cent. of those who go into business as employers of labor fail. If this be an exaggeration, it is certainly not an exaggeration to say, as M. Levasseur does, that ten per cent. succeed, fifty "vegetate," and forty go into bankruptcy. The reason of this is obvious, and is very concisely stated by Mr. Gilman himself, viz., "executive talent is one of the rarest of human endowments." Consequently it may be said that in ninety cases out of a hundred there would be no profits to share, and the experiment would be abandoned in disgust by the workmen in the first or second year. To sum up: Profit-sharers among workingmen, like coöperators, will always be a sort of *corps d'élite*—an aristocracy, that is to say, of talent and character, whose condition will have no perceptible effect on the "labor question," but whose numbers, nevertheless, every lover of his kind must wish to see increase. We can no more by profit-sharing escape the working of the law of population on subsistence than we can by taking thought add one cubit to our stature.

THE LAST WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

The Life and Opinions of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe Macgregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., Quartermaster-General in India. Edited by Lady Macgregor. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

All who like to read of deeds of personal daring will find ample store of such in the early military life of Sir Charles Macgregor. That degree of courage which will carry a man without discredit through the incidents of a battle is common enough; not so the absolute fearlessness which was the great distinguishing characteristic of Macgregor. In the commerce of ordinary life, silent, reserved, almost repellent in his manners, the approach of danger had the effect of transforming him into a genial and joyous companion. He seems to have positively relished danger. "He was," says an early comrade, "the only man I ever met in actual service who really liked fighting." He sought out occasions of single combat with as great an eagerness as a knight of the Middle Ages. To lead a handful of irregular cavalry against desperate odds was the supreme delight of his young days.

There are, however, many excellent fighting soldiers who, except in the midst of battle, are good for very little. Sir Charles Macgregor did not come under this category. He was an indefatigable student of his profession in the widest sense—diligent in all knowledge which can be extracted from books, and even more diligent in that knowledge which comes from a careful study of the actual ground on which campaigns have been or are likely to be fought. Thus it was that, while yet quite a young man, he ranked second to none in the British Army in India as a soldier of knowledge, experience, and judgment. He had paid especial attention to the advance of Russia in Central Asia towards the Himalayan frontier of India. Over a large part of the country traversed or still to be crossed, he had himself travelled, and he, perhaps more than any of his contemporaries, has given shape and direction to the Afghanistan policy pursued by the Indian Government from the Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton down to that of Lord Dufferin. It is on this account that the publication of his 'Life and Opinions' possesses an interest and importance greater than

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could belong to the mere story of a brilliant and daring soldier. It lifts the veil, so to speak, from the inner history of Lord Lytton's abortive invasion of Afghanistan, and shows—though this is far from Lady Macgregor's intention—how blindly and completely the Indian Government has been playing, at immense cost, the game of Russia, if it be true that that Power meditates an invasion of India.

British India is governed by a Viceroy, who, of necessity, knows nothing of the people or the country until he begins to govern them. He is assisted by five officials—Members of Council—who are not chosen for this duty for reasons of exceptional fitness, but merely arrive at it by way of seniority. The supreme difficulty which affects this singular government is that of "getting into touch" with the people. And to make this difficulty as great as possible, it is the practice of the Supreme Government to migrate for six months of every year out of India altogether to Simlah—a station lying deep in the folds of the Himalayan Mountains. This also is the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. Here, if we except the writers and native clerks in the Government offices, there are no natives to trouble the serenity of the high official world. Simlah is the chief resort of all the pleasure-seekers and office-seekers of British India. Every one who can get a few days' leave from the burning heat of the plains hurries thither. All the pretty women, with or without their husbands, are eager to partake of the sunshine of the Viceregal presence, to dance at the balls and eat of the dinners of Viceroyalty. And for six months of every year, what is officially described as "the Government of India" is carried on in the midst of a saturnalia of balls, picnics, lawn-tennis tournaments, social scandals, and a ceaseless babel of gossip. It is needless to say that India is not really governed from Simlah. The Government would go on without any appreciable shock to its existence if Simlah and all its inhabitants were to be suddenly transferred to another planet. What actually proceed from Simlah are the great schemes of conquest, the wars and annexations, for which India has to pay. Russophobia was hatched in Simlah so far back as 1838, prior to the first war in Afghanistan; and to Russophobia in Simlah belongs the credit of hatching and nursing into maturity the second war also.

Among the Anglo-Indian Russophobists, none of his day took the disease in a more acute form than Sir Charles Macgregor. The great end and aim of an Anglo-Indian Russophobist is to precipitate a collision between Great Britain and Russia in the desert of Central Asia, and the case of Sir Charles Macgregor is instructive as showing how a man is brought into this peculiar condition of mind. Macgregor was a soldier to the backbone. Military glory was that which he valued beyond everything else in the world. In India itself he saw, or thought that he saw, that opportunities no longer existed for the winning of such a fame as he coveted. He longed for a larger field, a more worthy adversary, and discovered both in the rapid advance of Russia in Central Asia. Macgregor was unquestionably sincere when he urged the Indian Government to cross the deserts of Afghanistan and attack Russia in her own territories; none the less was the wish the father to the thought. In the event of such an enterprise being undertaken, Macgregor was himself certain of employment in a war such as he had dreamed of and longed for all his life; and it is impossible to read his biography without feeling that his passion for military distinction had gone far to warp and pervert his military judgment. When war broke out between Russia and the Ottoman Empire, consequent on the massacres in Bulgaria, Sir Frederick Roberts (the present Commander-in-Chief in India) was at the head of the Quartermaster-General's department, with Colonel Macgregor as his assistant. Under their joint auspices a plan of campaign was drawn up, to be carried into effect if Great Britain (as all Simlah society hoped and expected) took the field in order to repeat, as the ally of the Turks, the monstrous insanity of the Crimean war. The object of this plan, as stated by the authors, was to "checkmate the advances of Russia on the north of Persia, the northwest frontier of Afghanistan, and in Central Asia," and the way in which all this was to be accomplished was by taking possession of Afghanistan, driving out the reigning family, and sending a British force right through Afghanistan—a march of 900 miles across a desert and unpeopled country—to occupy Herat as a base of offensive operations against Russia.

This plan was really quite as impracticable as a scheme for the occupation of the moon. Nevertheless, on the strength of it, a quarrel was literally forced upon the unfortunate Amir Shere Ali, and three divisions of British troops, under the command of General Donald Stewart, were started from Moultan in the forlorn hope of getting to Herat somehow. Although they encountered no resistance, the impossibility of finding food for their baggage animals destroyed the mobility of these divisions by the time they got to Kandahar. They lost thirty thousand camels on the march. The animals which survived were too much exhausted to proceed further. Food for so large a force could not be found in and around Kandahar; and, after existing for a time on half rations, one-half had to be sent hastily back to India in order to keep the other half alive. This unmitigated failure left the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and his advisers without either plan or policy in Afghanistan, except to get out of the country with as little ignominy as possible; and although the war was prolonged for more than a year after the first occupation of Kandahar, the British operations, from first to last, were governed by no higher object than to obtain a decent excuse for getting away without a public confession of failure. Macgregor acted as chief of staff to Sir Frederick Roberts when that officer marched to Kabul after the attack on the British Residency and the slaughter of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his escort. He was, therefore, behind the scenes all along, and has recorded his experiences in a diary kept from day to day. Lady Macgregor, as in duty bound, has very severely "edited" this diary before giving it to the world, but enough remains to show that, in the records of human folly, England's last war in Afghanistan will always retain a very distinguished place.

Macgregor survived the war only a few years. As a soldier in the field, he had, in the course of it, exhibited the courage and capacity which characterized his military career throughout, but—and this certainly is strange—he lived to the end of his life a Russophobist. Almost his last work was to draw up an elaborate statement on "The Defence of India" against an inevitable Russian invasion. This is too minute and technical to be discussed in a notice of the author's life; but one statement may be noticed. The second war in Afghanistan demonstrated, as, in truth, the first had already done, that it is impossible to move large masses of troops in Afghanistan. The impossibility is occasioned by the total want of forage for the baggage animals within any measurable area of country. Camels, which must constitute the greater part of the transport of troops operating in Afghanistan, need, if they are to be kept alive, to graze at large; but when, about sunset, the encamping ground is reached, and the animals unloaded, how is it possible to allow thirty thousand camels to graze at large in a desert country, with gangs of thieves ever on the watch to snatch up unconsidered trifles? The thing is impossible; consequently the British camels in Afghanistan marched all day and starved all night, and died by tens of thousands. Oblivious of this circumstance, Sir Charles Macgregor, in his "Defence of India," assumes that Russia, when she delivers her attack, will enter Afghanistan, in three columns of the collective strength of 95,000 men! That means, at a moderate calculation, two hundred thousand camels. If Russia attempted anything so wild as this, it is needless to say that the whole army, men and animals alike, would infallibly be starved to death long before they reached the heads of the Khaibar and Bolan passes.

The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay and Leader of the Long Parliament, with a Consideration of the English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America. By James K. Hosmer, Professor in Washington University, St. Louis, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. 588.

"THE English Commonwealth as a forecast of America"—in these words lies the key to Prof. Hosmer's life of Vane. It is not a mere biography, but is written with a purpose; and if the reader of its pages is sometimes tempted to think that the American bearings of Vane's career are insisted upon overmuch, and are sometimes a little far-fetched, the closing chapter, "Why the Story of Vane is Timely," sets this all right. Mr. Lowell said to M. Guizot (p. 561) that the American Republic "will last just so long as the traditions of the men of English descent who founded it are dominant there." Wiser and more pregnant words could not have been uttered; and the book before us is a weighty contribution to this result—that the traditions of our English ancestors shall continue dominant among us.

How can this be done better, we are asked, "than by setting forth the career of some one great man, if such a one can be found, who was at once an Englishman and an American?" Such a figure was Sir Henry Vane the younger:

"We have seen him begin his public career in 1636 as a citizen of Massachusetts, where, in the position of Governor, he fought stoutly against the other colonial magnates for a free toleration of all religious beliefs. Returned to England, we have seen him, at the outset of the Long Parliament, the chief reliance of Pym in bringing Strafford to destruction. In 1643 he brought the Scots to help the sinking cause of the Parliament. As much to him as to Cromwell was due the victory of Marston Moor, perhaps also the victory of Naseby—successes which in the Civil War turned the scale against the Stuart despotism. He was the heart of the Rump and the Council of State when Cromwell smote Ireland and won the fields of Dunbar and Worcester. He reorganized and administered the Navy when Van Tromp and De Ruyter were on the point of sweeping it from the seas—standing back of Blake when England won the empire of the deep, as the elder Pitt stood back of Wolfe and the younger Pitt back of Nelson. First of men, we have seen him, in 1656, recommend the expedient of a *Constitutional Convention*, that the *People*, after the American fashion, might lay down for themselves the 'fundamentals' of a proper polity" (p. 566).

Even if Vane's claims to recognition, as pre-

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sented in this sketch, may be somewhat exaggerated, there are enough here of unquestioned services of the highest value to raise the question why he has fallen, as our author admits, into a degree of obscurity. Students, perhaps, would rank Vane, among the men of his age and party, next to Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym; but, to the majority of careless readers, his name probably hardly calls up any distinct memory or association. His activity, nevertheless, extended more than ten years after the deaths of Hampden and Pym, and he alone, of all men of equal eminence—unless we except Hampden's death upon the battle-field—stands by the side of Eliot as a martyr for his cause. Surely the heroic death upon Tower Hill should have guaranteed his memory against even the degree of oblivion into which it has fallen.

The cause, no doubt, of the measure of forgetfulness of which he has been the victim is twofold. While Pym and Hampden lived, Vane's youth placed him quite in their shadow; in the maturity of his years and powers it fell to him to cross the purposes of the man of destiny, and the growing recognition of Cromwell's greatness has made it appear that the Parliamentary leader who ventured to oppose him was, of course, in the wrong. At any rate, from this moment he withdrew into private life, and only emerged from it three years later (1656) to be thrown into confinement by the dictator. Perhaps we can see, at the present day, the signs of a reaction from the exaggerated hero-worship of which Cromwell has been the object since Carlyle's collection of his letters and speeches. Recent scholars have pointed out serious flaws in Carlyle's work, resulting from his overweening admiration of power and success, and exhibiting an astonishing lack of critical acumen and historical accuracy. For our part, we are profoundly convinced that if Cromwell made mistakes, it was chiefly in those points in which he differed from Vane. There is no more melancholy chapter of failures in history than Cromwell's fruitless efforts to establish a form of free government in England after the fatal act of the dismissal of the Rump by the armed hand.

The first step in this direction, the exclusion of the eleven members—an act as lawless and unjustifiable as King Charles's attempt to seize the five members—is passed over by Mr. Hosmer with only a brief paragraph (p. 269), and with no comment upon its policy and no intimation as to whether Vane opposed it, as he did Pride's Purge and the dismissal of the Rump. But this was the act of violence that began the series of acts by which the military authority finally placed itself above the civil.

We cannot agree with Mr. Hosmer that the act of attainder by which Strafford was punished "was just, since Parliament could make laws for every case" (p. 131). Of course Parliament had the *power* to "make laws for every case," but that does not make a procedure *just* which sets at naught all the safeguards of the English law, and deprives a man of life without calling upon the judgment of his peers. With good reason the American Constitution has prohibited this iniquitous procedure; and we cannot think that anything in the long run was gained, in Strafford's case, by substituting this for the more equitable procedure of impeachment. On the other hand, we agree on the whole with Prof. Hosmer in his defence of Vane against the accusation of dissimulation. Like an even greater man, against whom the same charge is made, William of Orange, he had to deal with unscrupulous antagonists, with whom it was a first principle that they were under no obligation to keep faith with their opponents. Both of these distinguished men showed themselves "wise as serpents," a match for their antagonists in astuteness and the use of devious methods. We do not assert that they never went beyond what was right and justifiable in this; but their shrewdness and sagacity as men of the world were qualities needed at the time, and implied no moral obliquity.

The chapters which touch upon Vane's religious beliefs are very valuable. Clear-headed and sagacious in political matters, he is shown to have been visionary in questions of religion. Especially after he was forced from public life, his mind, in retirement, found employment in religious speculation, and occupied itself with those theories, so popular at the time, which seemed to undermine the foundations of society. Here may perhaps be found one cause of his separation from Cromwell.

The book is a thick one, and its dimensions are in great part due to its being not merely a life of Vane, but a history of the times. But this is generally justified by the plan of the work; and certain chapters, which seem almost digressions, are shown to be necessary parts of the author's theme—the development of the English Constitution upon American lines, under the influence of this Massachusetts Governor. The volume is handsomely printed, with an index, a portrait of Vane, plans of Marston Moor and Naseby, and a copy of the great seal of the Commonwealth. The personal reminiscences of the author, in visits to Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby, and Raby Castle, add greatly to the interest of the book.

The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham and Chancellor of Edward III. Edited and translated by Ernest C. Thomas, Barrister-at-Law, late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and Librarian of the Oxford Union. Lockwood & Coombes. 1889.

It is singular that so early and interesting a monument of English literature as the 'Philobiblon' of De Bury should have waited until this late date for proper editing. It was written in 1344, and was sufficiently popular to be many times copied, so that at present no less than thirty-five manuscripts of it are known. The first edition was printed at Spires in 1483; but no English edition appeared until 1598–99, and no English translation until that of Inglis in 1832. Paris gave us the first critical text as late as 1856. The present editor, however, having examined nearly all the manuscripts, is obliged to discredit both the Paris edition and Inglis's translation as being inadequate, and gives us the results of his own exhaustive labors in so beautiful a work of the bookmaker's art that we may well be content to accept this as the first standard issue of De Bury's celebrated essay on the love of books. He has established a Latin text, accompanied with full and careful notes of readings and interpretation, and added a translation, in excellent and fitting English, which retains the flavor of old books; and to these he has prefixed biographical and bibliographical introductions which leave nothing to be desired.

Richard de Bury belonged to that class of mediæval ecclesiastics who were more concerned with the State than the Church. At the first the tutor, he was afterwards the friend and counsellor of Edward III., and spent his life in works of diplomacy and government. He rose by the holding of great offices, and received his bishopric as a reward for political service. He himself admitted the superiority of the learned and pious Graystanes, who was elected to the see, and was forced to abandon it by the King's will and in accordance with the Pope's promise of the next vacant episcopal chair to De Bury; and on hearing of the death of his rival in retirement, being so much touched that he wished the messenger to withdraw, he is said to have answered his companions, "If you had known his worth as I do, I believe you would grieve as much as I; for he was fitter for the Papacy than I or any of my fellows for the smallest dignity in Holy Church." De Bury, however, had the redeeming grace of a love for scholars and learned men, with whom he surrounded himself, and he had a passion for collecting books, to which circumstance we owe his essay and he owes his fame. He lays down the principle that "no dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books, if he has the money that is demanded for them, unless it be to withstand the malice of the seller or to await a more favorable opportunity for buying." He had, too, unusual opportunities for collection in consequence of his high position at court and of his frequent travels on the Continent. He confides to the reader that "we were reported to burn with such desire for books, and especially old ones, that it was more easy for any man to gain our favor by means of books than of money"; and he adds, of those who employed this means, "In good-will we strove so to forward their affairs that gain accrued to them, while justice suffered no disparagement." One of the abbots of St. Albans bought favor in this way by presenting him with a Terence, Virgil, Quintilian, and Hieronymus against Rufinus, selling him besides thirty-two other volumes for fifty pounds of silver; but it is recorded that De Bury was smitten with conscience, and afterwards restored some of the books to the library, although he had carried out that other part of the contract which was not included in the pounds of silver. In one way and another he thus gathered his precious library, which he destined not for himself, but for Oxford. At the close of his life he drew up the rules for the custody and use of the collection, and it was as a sort of prologue to these regulations and commentary upon his gift that he wrote the brief essay which was his only literary work.

The treatise itself is entirely ecclesiastical in its Latinity, the style being described by the editor as, "like that of many among the mediæval writers, 'made of the Scripture.'" It is, nevertheless, very agreeable reading, and affords several piquant illustrations of the state of the clergy with respect to books. The description of the condemned brother who has fallen into evil courses, and is saved from impending punishment by proving his "benefit of clergy" by reading in the book, and that of the Oxford scholar who uses the precious volumes only to defile them by his uncleanly habits, are passages that will stick in any reader's memory; and the entire tract glows with the enthusiasm of the book-hunter. Paris was naturally a Mecca for the Bishop, but one is hardly prepared for such an outburst as that with which he greets the hearth of a then decaying scholasticism: "O Holy God of Gods in Sion, what a mighty stream of pleasure made glad our hearts whenever we had leisure to visit Paris, the paradise of the world, and to linger there!"—and this was a Paris without boulevards! That is a heartfelt prayer, too, which he puts up in the "Complaint of Books against Wars": "Almighty Author and Lover of peace, scatter the nations that delight in war, which is above all plagues injurious to books!" But the volume has already passed, even in the imperfect form in which we have hitherto possessed it, into the list of those half-dozen defences of books which, like the de-

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fences of poetry, are fiery effusions of the literary passion.

But did De Bury write the essay that bears his name? There is a tradition that Robert Holkot was the author, doing it in De Bury's name and at his order, and in seven manuscripts it is ascribed to Holkot. This claim was formally put forth by Altamura and Echard on the authority of Laurentius Rignon and Lusitanus. The editor had decided that little weight was to be given to these authorities, a century later than De Bury and Holkot, or to the notes of the manuscripts, and he was disposed to conclude that Holkot, who was De Bury's chaplain, had at most the part of a secretary in the preparation of the work. He is forced to acknowledge, however, at the very end, that the question is made more doubtful by a passage which a friend has just brought to hand from Adam Murimuth, the canon of St. Paul's, a lawyer and diplomatist. This has never been published or referred to, and is a very unfavorable view of De Bury's character by a man who had "ample opportunities of collecting trustworthy information as to the leading men of his time." He describes De Bury as a man who owed all his benefices to the solicitation of the great and to ambition, prodigal in extravagance in life, and at his death disclosing the greatest poverty. Although only "mediocriter literatus," he says, he wished to be reputed a great scholar, and hence collected a great number of books by gift and purchase. The traits here indicated support an adverse view, and the "account of De Bury's poverty," says the editor, "agrees only too well with several significant indications in Chambre's life, and in the Durham records: *sub judice lis est.*" It seems certain that his library was dispersed immediately on his death, probably being used to liquidate his debts.

It hardly need be added that recent attempts to make De Bury out a scholar, and, as Dr. Creighton calls him, a man "penetrated with the principles of humanism," have nothing to go upon even in the text of the 'Philobiblon.' He had met Petrarch, it is true, and their common taste as collectors might draw them together; but Petrarch complained that he would not answer his letters. It is perhaps best to regard him as an ecclesiastical man of affairs, with liberal tastes and the passion without the knowledge of books; and whether he or his chaplain wrote the words of the work that bears his name, it is hardly to be questioned that it was the spirit of De Bury that gave it life and still breathes in its pages.

Essays Religious, Social, Political. By David Atwood Wasson. With a biographical sketch by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889.

Mr. Frothingham's volume is in three parts. We have first an autobiographical fragment covering Mr. Wasson's childhood upon a seacoast farm in Maine, Brooksville, near Castine, where he was born in 1823. We have next Mr. Frothingham's biographical sketch, and then eight essays on different but related subjects, political, sociological, and religious. The autobiography is an interesting bit of personal experience related in the sincerest possible manner, somewhat too hortatory in spots. Mr. Wasson's recollection of his early religious training could never be described as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." It always exasperated and excited him; always loaded his style with epithets of indignation and contempt. Work and religion were the two enemies of his childish peace, but religion was the more dreadful of the two, and his treatment of it is the more exhaustive. Mr. Frothingham's sketch is an elaborate and somewhat redundant characterization rather than a distinct account of Mr. Wasson's life. The circumstantial element is very slight, and is presented for the most part in the way of passing allusion. Mr. Frothingham has great sympathy with his subject, and seizes clearly on the salient points of Mr. Wasson's character and thought; but it is the history of a mind and not the history of a person that he has given us. No doubt the limitations of Mr. Wasson's health were such that his biography is resolved into the history of his mind to an unusual degree. But there is a remoteness in Mr. Frothingham's treatment which is eloquent of a literary and not a personal relation to the man. Mr. Wasson was a writer of letters of uncommon brilliancy, few of which are so much as quoted here. He was so much of a poet that the absence of any mention of the fact (it is once implied) is a remarkable defect, probably to be explained by Mr. Frothingham's regarding his volume as supplementary to the volume of poems published a few months ago with Mrs. Cheney's introduction. Whatever the explanation, the circumstance must be regarded as unfortunate.

Mr. Wasson was one of a group of men who occupied a distinct and prominent position in the later stages of the Transcendental movement. The most obvious members of this group were Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, John Weiss, T. W. Higginson, and O. B. Frothingham. Deeply affected by Emerson and Parker, they were obliged as they went on to reckon with the scientific movement that came in with a flood. Mr. Frothingham went over to the enemy; the others all stood fast, taking up into their thought much from the scientific movement, but denying the inferences of its expositors upon the psychological and theological sides. Evolution found with all of them a ready acceptance, but they held fast to the idea that nothing is evolved which is not involved. Mr. Wasson entered Bowdoin College in 1845, but did not complete his course. He studied theology at Bangor, and in 1851 was settled as pastor of an evangelical society in Groveland, Mass. In a year a council dismissed him because of various heresies. A liberal society was organized for him, and the most of his little preaching was done there in two years, six months at Worcester, Mass., for T. W. Higginson, and two years, from 1865 to 1867, for Theodore Parker's Society in Boston. Increasing invalidism was the occasion of this contracted span of pulpit work. In 1840 he had thrown his antagonist in a wrestling match at the cost of his own back. The hurt was dreadful at the time, and spinal disease declared itself definitely about ten years later. During his last years he was almost entirely blind. Mr. Frothingham cannot sufficiently praise the cheerfulness with which Mr. Wasson bore his physical ills. But we are obliged to wonder, as we read his essays, if we are not dealing largely with a sick man's thought. In its higher ranges it is always optimistic. It is extremely pessimistic when it confronts the problems of our industrial life. This is the tone of a recluse, of a man anxious to serve, and yet compelled to stand and wait. Evidently Mr. Wasson was a man of active spirit. If action had been permitted him, he might not have been so much oppressed by circumstances on which he is compelled to brood in silence and apart.

As the names of the eight essays printed here are not in the brief list of Mr. Wasson's Essays on pp. 391–393, we are left to infer that they have not been before published. They are given without note or comment, or any indication of the time when they were written or the circumstances which called them forth. They are very attractive and inspiring in their religious bearings. These are most evident in the essays "Nature the Prophecy of Man" and "Unity." Though Mr. Wasson did not look to science for his fundamental truths, its enrichment of his thought is evident on every page. His theism is clearly distinguished from the deism of Voltaire and Rousseau, with whom he often breaks a lance. The sociological and political essays have for their burden the foolishness of democracy and individualism. For republicanism and individuality Mr. Wasson had a sufficient admiration. It is impossible not to feel the influence of Carlyle on his secluded thought, though he often differs from him frankly, and was one of his sternest critics at the time of Carlyle's utter blindness to the issues of our civil war. Something of physical violence in the style is also suggestive of Carlyle. There is much in these essays that is striking and important. The style, though full, is not diffuse, but packed with careful meaning. They suffer from the time that has elapsed since they were written. In "The New Type of Oppression" the absence of any mention of trusts is eloquent. One gets a very different impression from Mr. Bryce's treatment of our social and political situation; more hopeful and, we are inclined to think, more just.

The First Ascent of the Kasaï: Being Some Records of Service under the Lone Star. By Charles S. L. Bateman. With 57 illustrations and 2 maps reproduced from the author's original drawings. London: G. Philip & Son. 1889. Pp. xx, 185, 8vo.

The Belgian expedition for the exploration of the Kasaï, the largest of the southern tributaries of the Congo, reached Stanley Pool in July, 1885, having made the descent of the river from its head-waters. It was under the command of young Lieutenant (now Captain) Wissmann, and was accompanied by some two hundred Baluba, a race of negroes dwelling in the region between the upper courses of the Kasaï and Sankoro. The carrying back of these natives to their homes was the main object of the expedition of which this attractive volume is the account; Mr. Bateman (then in the employ of the Congo Free State) being in command of one of the two steamers used for this purpose. The voyage up the river was marked by no noteworthy incident, save the regrettable destruction of several villages on the lower Kasaï, deemed necessary as a punishment for an unprovoked attack on Lieutenant Wissmann's party during their descent. Like Stanley on the Congo in 1877, he was obliged for eight days to keep up a continuous fight with the hostile natives, who literally barred the river with their canoes.

At the point at which the Baluba were disembarked to continue their homeward journey overland, Mr. Bateman was directed to establish a station, which was named Luebo, after the stream on which it was placed. He gives a clear and entertaining account of the manner in which the site was prepared, the buildings erected and plantations made, as well as of the daily routine of station life, a principal feature of which was "Zanzibari drill," the station being under military discipline. "On Sundays no working parties were detailed, . . . and on Saturdays from two P. M. the men had their time to themselves, and the rations were paid in cowries." The natives of this district were the Bakèté, a somewhat effeminate race, but with singularly regular and refined features.

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They are agriculturists, and cultivate a great variety of plants "arranged in symmetrical plots and beds, and separated by wide, perfectly straight alleys, weeded, swept, and maintained in the greatest neatness and order." The settling of a trader, Senhor Carvalho, at the station enabled the author to learn the Portuguese methods of business, which he characterizes as an "unostentatious species of slave-dealing." Slaves were bought from one tribe for "six yards or under of cotton cloth" and sold to another for ivory. This trader gave for a slightly damaged tusk "two young girls, five crosses of copper, 5,000 cowries, 200 twisted Venetian beads."

In June, 1886, Mr. Bateman made a land journey to the station Luluaburg, about one hundred and twenty miles to the east, in the heart of the Baluba country. He had for a companion Lieutenant Wissmann, who was on his way to the East Coast, his second journey across the African continent. At this place a native chief who had defied the authority of the King and the commander of the station, made his submission in a manner which reminds one of a scene in Gulliver:

"After protesting his entire devotion and absolute service, poor Congolemosch retired to a distance of some five or six yards from us, and, throwing himself down on his face, rolled himself towards Lieut. Wissmann's feet. There he licked the ground with his tongue, and, covering his extended hands with dust, raised them in a suppliant manner towards Lieut. Wissmann, who, at this point, lifted him up, and the ceremony came to an end."

The Baluba are in some respects a remarkable people. A few years ago their king abolished fetishism, and they "are in reality without a religion." In its place there has been formed a secret society under the name of "Lubuku, *i. e.*, friendship," into which both men and women are initiated, the chief rites of which seem to be hemp-smoking and the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. At all the cross-roads there are priapean figures about a foot in height on a round pedestal raised upon a pole. "In front, a flat stone supports a basket, into which passing market-people, and all who have concluded a bargain, make a point of dropping grain or other food, which any starving or destitute person is at liberty to eat; but no prayer or supplication whatever is offered before these fetishes, so far as I know."

Mr. Bateman, who was relieved of his command in December, 1886, carefully abstains from any comments on the present condition or future prospects of the Congo Free State. He is not so reticent in regard to the value of missionary labors among the natives, but gives an unfavorable opinion, not of the zeal of the missionaries, but of their capacity to influence the negroes permanently for their good. It should be noted, however, that he speaks hopefully of the Roman Catholic missions. He has very fully illustrated his narrative, some of the chromolithographs and etchings being excellent specimens of their kind. We can heartily recommend this volume as an interesting account of African life—the first, if we are not mistaken, written in English by an officer of the Congo State; of course, excepting Mr. Stanley.

A Genealogy of the Van Voorhees Family in America; or, The Descendants of Steven Coerte Van Vorhees of Holland and Flatlands, L. I. By Elias W. Van Voorhis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. Large sq. 8vo, pp. 725.

THIS carefully prepared and handsomely printed volume is in some respects disappointing. In the first place, it is only an index-genealogy, by which term we mean one which merely records the names and dates of births, marriages, and deaths, without any attempt to give interest to the matter by biographical details. Such a genealogy, however well done and however useful to the family, is distinctly second-class. In this case, we are satisfied that the plan chosen has done great injustice to a family which may not have produced any great men, but has undoubtedly had many members worthy of some slight commemoration at least.

We are greatly disappointed in the arrangement, which is on some plan not elsewhere in use, and which does not enable the reader to understand the relationship of the various persons. It cannot be too often repeated that the standard plan adopted by the New England Historic-Genealogical Society is not only the best, but the only sensible, clear, and practical mode. Every deviation from it is an unnecessary freak of ingenuity, always productive of regret. After mankind has settled upon one way of arranging the alphabet, what is the use of printing it in any different collocation of letters? Again, an unnecessary diffuseness of type, however grateful to the printer, adds to the difficulty of comprehension of the subject, as well as to the cost. This book, on a proper system, could have been printed in half the number of pages, and been, moreover, doubled in usefulness.

On the other hand, we desire to give the author full credit for his evident care, thoroughness, and liberality in preparing his book. Dutch genealogies are hard to compile, owing to the scantiness and obscurity of the records, and the excessive variations of the names in the various branches. The ancestor here was Steven Coerte Van Voorhees, son of Coerte Alberts, and grandson of Albert —— (possibly Van Voorhees).

An engraving of the Van Voorhees coat-of-arms is given, without any proof that it belonged to any progenitor of the emigrant. In fact, we presume that, at the period of the emigration, Dutch surnames were in a transition state such as had ceased long before in England, and probably in Scotland and Wales. In that stage of development the surname changed at each generation. William was the only name of a man—his son Steven was Steven *Williamson*, and *his* son John became John Stevenson. After a few generations, the last accidental surname became hereditary; but own cousins might start two families entirely distinct in name. Then, as the Williamsons, Stevensons, Johnsons, etc., became too numerous for comfort, other special names were adopted: Williamson from Leyden became Van Leyden; from or near Hees, Van Voorhees, etc. But we suspect that, just as in England, a name derived from a place is no warrant of descent from the lord or owner of that place. When Boss Tweed was complimented with the arms of the Marquis of Tweed-dale, he was soon told that the shield bore quarterly the arms of Fraser and Gifford, surmounted by the arms of Hay, but that Tweed had no part therein.

We have written thus fully about a book deserving of much praise, because we have noticed lately a tendency to substitute the splendors of typography for the more humble results of genuine devotion to genealogy. A mere calendar of names is of little worth, but a record preserving even a slight memorial of individuals, however obscure in position, may hereafter be of interest to many. Some of the less pretentious genealogies contain admirable biographies, and where they record only the story of enterprise and struggles, they give life to the picture. Often, indeed, the character of an entire tribe will be shown by the lives of the scattered members. In one the impulse is to action: soldiers and sailors abound. In another the tendency towards the bar, the pulpit, or the medical profession, or a love for mechanics or trade, will be the main feature. Such results may yet justify the time given to the fascinating but often tedious study of family history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, W. C. A Dictionary of Law, consisting of Judicial Definitions and Explanations of Words, Phrases and Maxims, and an Exposition of the Principles of Law. Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.
Arnold, Matthew. Reports on Elementary Schools. 1852–1882. Macmillan & Co. $2.25.
Baldwin, W. J. Hot-Water Heating and Filtering; or, Warming Buildings by Hot Water. Engineering and Building Record.
Barnard, C. My Handkerchief Garden, 25 by 60 feet. E. H. Libby. 25 cents.
Cornaz, Suzanne. Nos Enfants et leurs Amis. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Darling, C. J. Scintillæ Juris. London: Stevens & Haynes.
Davidson, T. *Prolegomena to In Memoriam.* With an Index to the Poem. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Facts about the Salvation Army. Rand, McNally & Co. 50 cents.
Guimps, Baron R. de. Pestalozzi; his Aim and Work. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.50.
Hathaway, W. Living Questions: Studies in Nature and Grace. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Hildreth, C. L. The Masque of Death, and Other Poems. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Lee, Margaret. Marriage. George Munro. 25 cents.
Meldola, Prof. R. The Chemistry of Photography. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Mitchell, S. W. Far in the Forest: A Story. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Newell, C. M. The Isle of Palms. Boston: DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.
Oman, Prof. J. C. Indian Life, Religious and Social. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co. $1.75.
Perrin, Prof. B. Homer's Odyssey. Books I—IV. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Preston, G. Exercises in Latin Verse. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Quilter, H. Is Marriage a Failure? Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Rees, J. R. The Brotherhood of Letters. Lockwood & Coombs. $1.25.
Raue, C. G. Psychology as a Natural Science Applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $3.50.
Rolfe, W. J. Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse. Illustrated. Harper & Bros.
Schmidt, F. L., Jr. An Object in Life and How to Attain It. Fowler & Wells Co.
Voisin. Rented—A Husband. Cassell & Co. 50 cents.

"Every child in America should have them."—*New England Journal of Education.*

"The 'Young Folks' Cyclopædia' should be in every juvenile library."—*From a Report of the Connecticut Board of Education.*

YOUNG FOLKS' CYCLOPÆDIA of { *Common Things...$2.50.* / *Persons and Places. $2.50*

HENRY HOLT & CO., Publishers, New York.

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